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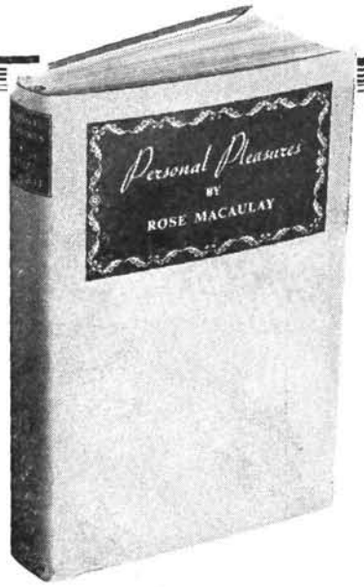
What, frankly, are the things you best like doing?



By
ROSE MACAULAY

Personal Pleasures

A pastmaster in the use of words describes the deep satisfaction, the secret joys, each of us derives from certain routine incidents of life. The departure of guests, the delight of burrowing under fresh bedclothes, of looking out of windows, all are grist to the mill which produces this completely charming volume. $2.50

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Kipling—the Great Colonial

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

MANY must remember the days in February of 1899 when, in a New York hotel, Kipling lay desperately ill. There was a tension in the air. We went about our everyday business thinking, "One of the world's great geniuses will soon be dead." There was a sense of imminent personal loss. Even the old and the children felt it.

He did not die. Indeed much of his best work was still to be written. Yet now that he has gone beyond the threshold, no such consciousness of irrevocable tragedy is to be felt in what men say. He has done his work. But that is not the whole answer. His work belongs to another age. Except for his stories of children and animals, youth under thirty has not read him. For them he is a name, like other names—Longfellow, Tennyson, Meredith. For them he died with the nineteenth century, which, like him, lagged spiritually and intellectually into the twentieth. Yet he will return. He reverses Shakespeare's prophecy. Much of him doth fade into something less rich and strange than we thought, but his sea-change will leave an imperishable residue of great writing.

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KIPLING IN THE NINETIES

It is difficult to describe to a realist generation of the thirties the excitement when Kipling first burst upon the Western world in the eighties and nineties. His early books of short stories were like staccato hammer blows interrupting the sophisticated whisperings of such *fin-de-siècle* literature as one can still read in the bound volumes of *The Yellow Book*. They broke through the brittle historical romance of the popular writers we were all reading in America, and exposed what, after their sentimental heroics, seemed reality at last. And what a reality! If in "The Barrack Room Ballads" it was hearty vulgarity coming back, with a touch of Dickens—

> As I was spittin' into the Ditch aboard o' the Crocodile,
> I seed a man on a man o'-war got up in the Reg'lar's style—

in the stories it was much more unexpected. Here, for Americans whose West was just becoming commonplace, was unfolded the intoxicating panorama of an Orient where the white man ruled, an India rich in the mystery which industrialism was drying up in our home life, yet mapped, subdued, made traversable for our Western imaginations that thrilled with vicarious pride of race and sharpness of aroused and fresh sensation. And a little later the familiar realities of our own new age came under the same spell—machinery, ships, bridges, locomotives, aircrafts. This master of language had all their names and could make what had seemed prose into poetry. The engineer became romantic, and many a young fellow marched off to the Cuban war with Kipling in his ears, expecting the adventures of somewhere East of Suez and finding only typhoid and bully beef.

> Yes, the Large Birds o' Prey
> They will carry us away,
> And you'll never see your soldiers any more!

Then—and just as the American story tellers (Richard Harding Davis and his like) were borrowing his whip-like methods and snapping their rather trivial plots into a brilliance of sensation more transient than his—he shifted. We got the deeply moral apologues of "The Jungle Books," and the "Just So Stories," the only modern myth making; we got the exotic love story of *The Brushwood Boy;* the pathetic mysticism of *"They";* the deeper character studies of "Kim," that greatest romance of the essential East and West; and those first vivid movies of the past (for that is what they were) in "Puck of Pook's Hill."

I am not attempting a survey of Kipling, but rather retracing my own memory, which retains not titles so much as vivid impressions of scenes, the most vivid, I think, from any literature in my time, and thrillings of the moral nerve, and still more, realizations, the word literally interpreted, of a vast, interesting world into which our patterned Europeanism had thrust itself, thanks to its own power, own code, own will to live adventurously. We grew drunk on Kipling. Kipling was the secret of youth then. The textbooks did not know him, the old men thought he was coarse and brutal, young instructors in the colleges quoted a line or two audaciously as they quote Hemingway now. He was, for us, the dawn of the twentieth century.

Yet when the twentieth century got its place in the sun, he was seen not to be of it. Before the war his spell had slackened, his novelty was stale, his philosophy outmoded. After the war he was a classic, a classic still alive but sterile, still widely read but only in the underworld of readers whose imaginations still lived in the nineteenth century. He the

Next Week

THE LAST PURITAN
By GEORGE SANTAYANA
Reviewed by Henry Seidel Canby

LAFAYETTE
By ANDREAS LATZKO
Reviewed by David Owen

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portent, the new man, had departed with the captains and the kings of an era that curiously enough had regarded him as a newcomer, an alien. He also was nineteenth century. This is the enigma of Kipling, which only now perhaps can be explained.

We were wrong, of course, about Kipling's place in the centuries, wrong in thinking that he belonged to a new era, in believing that he, at least, was not *fin-de-siècle*. We were not wrong in assigning him high importance as an imaginative artist, certainly the greatest artist writing in English at the time when his talent flourished. And in saying this I do not forget Hardy, or Meredith, or Swinburne. We need not compare him with Shaw or Wells or Masefield or Arnold Bennett or Galsworthy. They were not truly of his era. Certainly he was the greatest literary journalist of any modern time, for Wells, who could beat him as a reporter of social phenomena, fell far short of him in imagination, and never attempted poetry or poetry in prose. He was also, I think, the most effective moralist since the seventeenth century. What are his "Jungle Books," with their public-school code, but morality lifted into imagination? What else are his stories of strong silent men who take neither cash nor credit but satisfy their sense of what a man and an Englishman owes to himself and his duty? "Captains Courageous" is a textbook in morality. Two-thirds of his best poetry is moral poetry from "The Recessional" and before, down to and beyond the much finer "For All We Have and Are" of 1914:

> Our world has passed away
> In wantonness o'erthrown,
> There is nothing left
> But steel and fire and stone!
>
> Though all we knew depart
> The old Commandments stand:—
> "In courage keep your heart,
> In strength lift up your hand."

It is the morality approved, if not always or often practised, by the English-speaking peoples, and especially the public-school Englishman:—modesty, tenacity, self-respect, aggressiveness within the code which says that a gentleman must do good to others as well as to himself. As old Baloo taught—don't be a tiger, a red dog, or a bandarlog if you wish to succeed and be respected by all the lesser breeds.

And certainly we were not wrong in thinking him a great magician in words—which after all is the true definition of the great bards, the great story-tellers, the great purgers of the emotions since "'Omer smote his bloomin' lyre." I doubt whether any writer in English since Scott and Dickens has so enthralled his audiences by sheer virtuosity of sensation transferred—and whatever may be said of the scope of Scott and the human material of Dickens, Kipling was very much their superior in that craftsmanship which weights and points and colors a line until it shoots like a dart to the fancy. I suppose I date myself by saying so, for there seems no such communication now except to the very young from his myths and histories, yet today I cannot begin one of Kipling's good short stories, or his long tales like "Kim," or even "The Light That Failed," without reading on to the end in an enjoyment not marred by familiarity nor much troubled by the overemphasis which now begins to appear in his style.

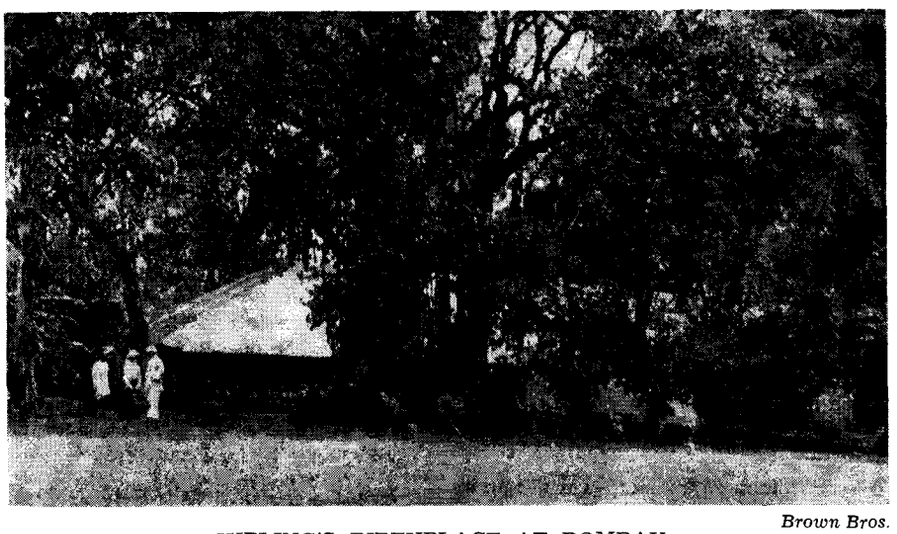
And yet, we were wrong in thinking that Kipling heralded a new era of success for the stout of heart. It is clear now that actually he was the recessional chant of an old order which only in its decline was made to realize all that it had and was. He is the sharp visioned Colonial, the empire man, seeing the full implications of that fifty years of Europe whose promise intoxicated the young Tennyson when the great half century was just beginning. He was *fin-de-siècle* to the bone.

It is of the utmost importance in understanding Kipling's place in English literature, to remember that he was born in India, drilled in the public-school code in England, and then conditioned in his most impressionable years by the newspaper world of India, which means by the society of empire builders and empire organizers, in the midst of a great nation that looked to England for its unity and its peace, if not for its happiness. "What should they know of England who only England know," came from his heart. But to interpret his tendentious prose and poetry as a message of imperialism is far too narrow. He was an imperialist of course, and his brand of imperialism is still visible in its decadence among such nations as Italy (whom he would have called a lesser breed without the law) who propose to add to the white man's burden, backward races now well aware (as the nineteenth century was not) of the cost of supporting European industrialism. His imperialism is dead as a philosophy though by no means at an end as a piratical necessity. The pro-consuls are gone, only the exploiters are left. It is the Russian "bear that walks like a man" who has devised the new way to serve both himself and the

> . . . new-caught sullen peoples,
> Half-devil and half-child.

But some day it will be as easy to forget Kipling's theories of empire building as it has been to forget, in reading, Shakespeare's theory of the indispensable aristocrat. What will remain are all the advantages which his view as of one looking from the seven seas inward gave to him as a writer. Coming late, when Mutinies, Opium Wars, and the sordid business of John Company were all over, seeing in his youth the finest Civil Service the world has ever known at work in a colony which was itself an empire, too humanitarian not to feel that the native was his brother, too nineteenth century to think sociology or economics at all, it is not surprising that he first among writers realized imaginatively what England had done, first (and this is the nub of the argument) made England and the world realize it. Not blatantly, not boastfully, not stupidly, for the bandarlogs, and Kaa the snake, and the prideful Bagheera, and the stupid wolves, are all part of his empire, he saw, as only an end-of-a-period man could see, what it all meant in terms of character and the imagination. His favorite characters are precisely strong silent men who could not see, who did their duty, lived by their code, thought little, and talked less. He wrote for them, making them articulate. He wrote about them, as Plutarch wrote of his heroes, when at the end of their trail, in the clearing made at last, in the city

(*Continued on page* 14)



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KIPLING'S BIRTHPLACE AT BOMBAY

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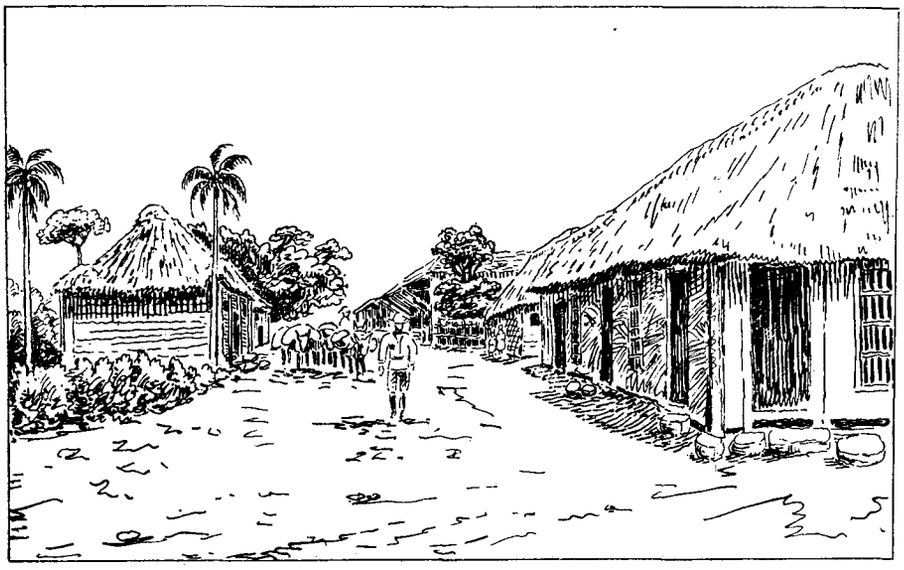

EL CEDEÑO. *A drawing by L. M. Nesbitt, from "Desolate Marches."*

Exploring in Venezuela

DESOLATE MARCHES. TRAVELS IN THE ORINOCO LLANOS OF VENEZUELA. By L. M. Nesbitt. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by HIRAM BINGHAM

MR. NESBITT, an engineer with artistic ability and literary tastes, was sent to North Central Venezuela in 1927 to complete a survey of some two hundred miles of the boundary region between the States of Guárico and Anzoátegui. In order to secure an additional oil concession, one of the smaller companies, not specified in the text, had agreed with the Venezuelan government to make a careful report of this little known area which lies within fifty miles of the Caribbean Sea and about one hundred miles north of the Orinoco River. The title is somewhat misleading, for the author's journey across that part of the Orinoco basin which he saw, was made fairly rapidly in a motor car. His real explorations, to which the greater part of his book is devoted, took place in the basin of the Unare, which flows into the sea some three hundred miles west of the Orinoco delta. Dense forests and swamps make it difficult of access.

Of the results of his survey, an official report of which was made to the Venezuelan Government in June, 1927, he has little to say. The geographer will be disappointed. On the other hand the lover of "human interest" stories will be pleased. His task was difficult. Previous attempts had failed owing to the illness of the explorers. His sufferings were those of all who attempt to unravel the mysteries of tropical jungles. He writes with a sympathetic and understanding pen.

Those readers who like their books of travel to be crisply accurate and replete with the careful observations of a trained observer will not like Mr. Nesbitt's method of recounting his experiences. But those who enjoy "fine writing" and take pleasure in poetical and sonorous phrases will find much to satisfy them, *e.g.*, "the snowflakes floated down with gentle relentlessness, only to be quietly extinguished in the embrace of their mother, the sea." And again:

> We quickly found ourselves in thick forest, and the ground which it covered was a swamp, presenting a sad scene of watery squalor. The lesser vegetation was half hidden in the opaque flood, and the boles of the trees rose out of it like huge piles. . . . A murmuring of growth seemed to move about the forest as the buds opened and the fallen seeds sent out their shoots.

It was the author's duty to make a network of triangulations in an area that had never been mapped. He seems to have taken no photographs, but his half dozen drawings of streets in the towns he visited give an excellent idea of the character and atmosphere of the chief places in the region. There is also a sketch map of the author's route, but it gives no details of the area he surveyed. This was chiefly in the provinces of Bruzual and Cagigal.

It is obvious that Mr. Nesbitt impressed the mestizos as "simpatico." In other words he had good manners, was pleasant, and met them half way in all his contacts. Accordingly his impressions of them are much more agreeable than those of travellers who assume a superior attitude towards "the natives." In his pages one sees the best side of the forlorn and unfortunate people who have to live in the jungles of Northern Venezuela.

Ex-Senator Hiram Bingham is a former archeologist who has done much exploring in South America.

Decaying Aristocrats

PERISH IN THEIR PRIDE. By Henry de Montherlant. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by AMELIA LEAVITT HILL

M. HENRY DE MONTHERLANT'S novel, which has won for its author the prize of the French Academy and the Heinemann Prize, is of importance, curiously enough, not because of, but in spite of, its content. M. Montherlant has selected a subject devoid of plot, of romantic interest, and even of characters who can hold the liking of his readers, and made such apparently impossible material the basis of an absorbing and powerful book.

"Perish in Their Pride" deals with the brothers Coëtquidan and their nephew Léon de Coantré—the last survivors of a family of high standing. Of the brothers Octave, the elder, is a banker of considerable means, which he owes less to any ability of his own than to a fortunate friendship with his partner. The others, his brother Élie and his nephew Léon, are utterly worthless in that they are both absolutely devoid of energy or pride, though they are kept from actual vice by the inertia which has prevented them from accomplishing anything in the world. Élie has sunk to a level little better than that of a vagrant; Léon to that of a handy man about the house. Yet for all their lack of appeal—and Léon in particular is incredibly wasteful and improvident out of mere desire to avoid action of any sort—we can see in each of the three men traits which we reluctantly recognize as our own, and which have in them developed in extent rather than in kind so that even in their most reckless displays of idleness or carelessness we feel that in their shoes, but for the grace of God, walk we ourselves. There is about them a mixture of pathos and of humor difficult to withstand, disgusted though one may be at the objects of M. Montherlant's satire.

Nor is this satire, if one may call so delicate a thing by so concrete a name, of the sentimental kind. We are familiar with the novel—generally the result of Russian influence—which bombards us with the mental and spiritual pros and cons which attend every decision, however unimportant, made by every character. The decisions outlined in "Perish in Their Pride" are not magnified, and enable us to obtain a view of the wood unimpeded by obstructing trees. The book has a clarity of vision refreshing in an analytical novel.

A word should be added as to the excellence of the translation. The book might, so smoothly does it read, have been originally written in English, and this, to the reader satiated with translations which nine times out of ten bear all their scars upon them, is praise indeed.

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When the Next War Comes in Europe . . .

WHAT NEXT IN EUROPE? By Sir Arthur Willert. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by FRANK H. SIMONDS

SIR ARTHUR WILLERT was a first rate journalist who some years ago made a misstep. Having long been Washington correspondent of the *Times* of London he one day consented to take over the press department of the British Foreign Office. After that, seeing him around at various international conferences, one was always tempted to repeat the words of Clemenceau when he saw Paderewski for the first time as a prime minister and not as a pianist. "What a comedown!" exclaimed "the Tiger."

Like the great Pole, however, Sir Arthur has repented in time. He has by resignation escaped "from the bondage of official life . . . a little irksome to one whose earlier training has been in the freer and more objective school of international journalism." Having for more than a decade viewed public events from the inside, he has succumbed to a hunger for perspectives and distances and, accordingly, as Paderewski reverted to his piano, Willert has gone back to his typewriter.

What he has now provided for us is the result of a leisurely and tranquil visit to many, if not most, of the active volcanoes of Europe, from the Polish Corridor to the Mediterranean shore. Nazi Germany, Fascist Italy, reborn but not yet reassured Poland, all are visited, considered, and that most active of all continental volcanoes, namely Geneva, inspected at the precise moment when it was throwing off lava-like streams of sanctions, threatening ruin to nearby Italy.

Sir Arthur is frankly a Leaguer. The failure of Geneva in the Manchurian Affair caused him great grief, the prospect of a new failure in the Ethiopian incident led him to the conviction that with another failure the back of the League would be broken and then stark force would reign over the continent. Later he felt more hopeful that the League would not fail and leave a frightened Europe "with no Geneva to serve its nations as a mixture of club and court house."

That phrase—"club and court house"—supplies a key to the tone and temper of our author. You are not to expect any violence in his phrase, any passion in his criticism. He sees excesses, German and otherwise, with the clarity and keenness you would expect of a journalist, with the regret and cool disapprobation of a gentleman, but, above all, with the detachment of an Englishman. Nevertheless, when an Italian tells him that within a brief time the Bolshevists will stable their horses in the new League of Nations building, he makes a note of it.

Lunching in Paris last summer, Sir Arthur's hostess told him she had already sent her silver to Brittany to be safe when the war started again. Of course she believed that war imminent and her state of mind furnished him with a chapter on why war is feared. He criticizes the failure of his own country to give the French assurances at once prompt and adequate. He believes that Great Britain will have now to go "all out for the collective system" which is for him "the sheriff's posse of Europe."

Gerby Simon, London
SIR ARTHUR WILLERT

Across the frontier in Germany, he found things worse than in France. Pausing a moment in Zurich, before he entered the Reich, Sir Arthur was told by a German Swiss—"We see people (in Germany) with changed faces, doing strange and terrible things and thinking strange and terrible thoughts. And many of the friends we have grown up with are among them." In Belgium, too, on another margin of Germany, in fact in the city of Louvain of sinister memory, he was told that the possibility of another war was always in the mind of the inhabitants.

Then, the moment he crossed the frontier, Willert fell into the hands of a public servant as courteous as any Britisher and having feared to become the victim of espionage he was actually embarrassed by official solicitude for his comfort. Knowing his pre-war Germany, he was on the watch for "signs of the rough intolerance of the authoritarian state." He was long in finding them, although at once he was struck by an atmosphere of sadness and of silence. Laughing and singing were lacking.

In one of the big industrial towns of the west a German friend told Sir Arthur:

"You want to know of what materials this new edifice of our is constructed. Well, I think that if I said that the bricks of which it is being built are made of patriotism and hope but the mortar which holds it together is fear, I should not be very wrong." Saying goodbye to a Jewish friend whom he visited en route to Berlin, Willert wished him good luck—"I need it," was the grim reply.

Goebbels's response to the assertion that Jews were, after all, human beings, claims our author's notice—"Yes, he is one," Goebbels thundered, "but what sort of one? To be a human being is in itself nothing. A flea is also an animal, but that does not make it by any means a pleasant animal." "Does Germany want to fight?" Sir Arthur asks and undertakes to answer this question in one of the most interesting chapters of his book. His verdict is perhaps best summarized in the following statement made to him by an Englishman resident in Germany: "Europe had better take care how its treats the new Germany. She is combining the crusading fervor of the French Revolution with the mass production efficiency of an American factory. If Europe does not look out, she will go through her like a knife through cheese."

Sir Arthur has much to say, on the strength of personal observation, about the prospective conflict between Slav and Teuton. He found in Berlin that the German military experts took the new Bolshevist army seriously. He found the Russo-German situation profoundly disturbing, distrust equally dominant in Berlin and Moscow and the general situation, despite a temporary lull, such that "there is always a chance of some locally engendered spark causing the over-charged atmosphere to explode." He was not reassured, when he came to Vienna and examined the problems of Central Europe. In the light of the Ethiopian affair, he foresaw the possibility of a better understanding between Mussolini and Hitler, despite their unhappy meeting in Venice in 1934.

If Italy should retire from the Danubian area, leaving a free field for Germany, might not the Soviet Union move in? Does not German fear of Russia already disclose itself in renewed efforts of Hitler to consolidate his situation along the Danube? These are questions which trouble a former official of the Foreign Office. It is, moreover, distinctly worth while to follow him through all his peregrinations. The value of this book lies primarily in the detachment of its author. He is a wholly reasonable and civilized human being trying to resolve a mad word into a measure of rationality.

What is to be done to make Europe feel

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safe? That is the question Sir Arthur asks himself at the end. Unlike many Englishmen he does not believe there is the slightest chance of America becoming "a member of the sheriff's posse of Europe" which assembles in Geneva. The single chance, as he sees it, is "that Great Britain should pull her weight in the Collective System." He is aware, painfully aware, that Continental Europeans do not trust British fidelity to the League.

Writing before the Hoare-Laval compromise, Sir Arthur felt that Britain had changed her policy. Perhaps he would still hold to this view, despite that performance or, more exactly, because of what happened after it. Anyhow, he doesn't believe "splendid isolation" is now a possible course for his country. He believes that to live England must have trade and trade with Europe.

"The democratic countries have still time for a supreme effort to put things right and to devise some tolerable community life with their dictatorial neighbors, based upon the development of what is good in the Peace Settlement and upon the alteration of what is bad in it." That is the final word, not too reassuring in the light of what has gone before. Perhaps Sir Arthur should have called his book not innocence but sophistication abroad. As a study of contemporary Continental Europe it is interesting rather than important, but as an analysis of the composed English mind confronted by an Old World on the threshold of convulsion it is of real value. To be sure, it does not show either excitement or alarm, but the underlying note of uneasiness is significant, is, perhaps, illustrative of the great change, which many have alleged has recently taken place in the British point of view toward the problem of world peace and the role of Britain in the solution of that problem.

. . . Can America Stay Out?

CAN WE BE NEUTRAL? By Allen W. Dulles and Hamilton Fish Armstrong. New York: Harper & Bros. 1936. $1.50.

Reviewed by SIR ARTHUR WILLERT

A MASTERLY little book. It reviews concisely and objectively the history of American neutrality and goes on to an illuminating discussion of American policy in the event of another war. To an Englishman it is particularly interesting.

The United States, like Great Britain, is anxious about the state of the world and especially about the state of Europe. Like Great Britain, the United States wants to avoid war. But there the parallel ends. To the visitor, at any rate, the United States seems to be today in much the same state of mind as that of Great Britain at the opening of the Disarmament Conference and during the climax of the Manchurian crisis at the beginning of 1932.

In 1932 and for some time afterwards Great Britain was practising a policy of semi-isolation even from Europe. She shrank from supporting the League of Nations over Manchuria and then contributed to the failure of the Disarmament Conference by her unwillingness to come effectively into the security system of Europe. Her frontier, as Mr. Baldwin proclaimed as late as 1934, was on the Rhine; and her fear, or rather the fear of her government, that she might become entangled in the war-breeding politics of Europe made her hesitate to guarantee the integrity of Austria or the peace of Eastern Europe.

Three events have since given reason to wonder whether Great Britain is not now shifting her frontiers forward from the Rhine to wherever peace may be threatened in Europe. The three events are the Peace Ballot of last spring, a vast straw vote conducted by Lord Cecil and other supporters of the League of Nations which sensationally showed that British public opinion was less averse from responsibilities under the League than the Government, and especially its Foreign Minister Sir John Simon, had seemed to imagine; the disappearance of Sir John Simon from the Foreign Office when the Government was reconstructed a few weeks later; and finally the replacement of his successor, Sir Samuel Hoare, by Mr. Eden when, a short time ago, Sir Samuel Hoare was so emphatically convicted of a lack of understanding of the true implications of League of Nations principles.

British public opinion has, in fact, out of an apparent desire to see British policy play a more effective role in the protection of peace, dismissed two foreign Ministers and appointed a third in the past six months; and the circumstances attending this remarkable display of dynamic democracy are such as to make it permissible to think that the national mind is moving towards a realization of the fact that, if England is to avoid her inevitable share in the disaster of another European war, the best thing for her to do is to try to prevent war rather than to try to keep out of it.

American policy, both official and popular, to judge from what the authors of "Can We Be Neutral?" have to say and also from the neutrality measures now before Congress, is in favor of the policy which England seems to be abandoning, and desires to establish a method of isolation, or rather insulation, more successful than those which she employed in regard to previous great European wars. Mr. Dulles and Mr. Hamilton Fish Armstrong seem to doubt whether it is either feasible or advisable to attempt this. "The duty," they say, "to help prevent wars is not primarily one which the United States owes to other nations. It is a duty which we owe to ourselves and which our Government owes to its people. Self-interest should determine our course of action. Let it be enlightened self-interest."

It is not for a foreigner, however sympathetic, to offer opinions on American policy. But this perhaps may be said—the issue would appear to be whether in these days, when the different parts of the world are so sensitively and closely interconnected, the difference between the breadth of oceans and of narrow waters is really what geography books depict it to be.

Sir Arthur Willert, author of "What Next in Europe?" is associated with the British Ministry of Information.

THE NEW LEAGUE OF NATIONS BUILDING
Photograph by courtesy of Foreign Affairs.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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CHRISTOPHER MORLEY } Editors

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The Bardic Kipling

THERE seems to be a pedantic point of view held today by some of those styled The Intellectuals that the ballad form, whether adopting the devices of the old models or in freer variations, is disqualified as poetry. We cannot understand this point of view. Nor can we understand the type of mind that conceives forthright narrative poetry to be inferior to other kinds. Of all kinds of poetry the ballad is probably the most deeply-rooted and natural expression of mankind in rhythmic language. The first rude chant that rose above the emphasis of ordinary speech was probably the recounting of a deed. The ballad may have antedated even the first crude songs. However that may be, it will always be one of the kinds of verse of the greatest appeal to the greatest number.

The basis of the ballad is, of course, the cross-rhymed quatrain, and if we start from *Chevy Chase* we begin in the early fifteenth century with enduring ballad characteristics. Legouis has said, "It is sincerity of tone, like that of *Chevy Chase*, which, down the ages and among extravagances and artifices, brings back to natural truth the poetry which has left nature too far behind." We decidedly need that correction in the poetry of our own day—and indeed a few American poets are beginning to realize what the sincerity and naturalness of the adapted ballad can do, not only for American history but with the unusual poetic material of our own twentieth century.

Rudyard Kipling had probably read all the great ballad poetry in English. And he learned from it all it had to impart of forcible expression. Rossetti, William Morris, Tennyson, Swinburne, had revived the old ballads—had indeed done some remarkable work both in direct imitation and in modernization; but Kipling created his own kind, in a great many new variations; indeed, made himself the ballad-master of modern English poetry. His ballads are in many metres. They are or are not in quatrains. In "The Last Rhyme of True Thomas" he could cunningly build superb narrative of intense personal significance on the old model. In "The Last Chantey" and "The Long Trail," and in many others, he could break into a combination of ballad and song that is still fresh and vigorous. In "M'Andrew's Hymn," he could do extraordinary things with technical language:

To match wi' Scotia's noblest speech yon orchestra sublime
Whaurto—uplifted like the Just—the tail-rods mark the time.
The crank-throws give the double-bass, the feed-pump sobs and heaves,
An' now the main eccentrics start their quarrel on the sheaves:
Her time, her own appointed time, the rocking link-head bides,
Till—hear that note?—the rod's return whings glimmerin' through the guides.

A great deal has been said of the machine age and a good many modern poets have tried to sing it. Insofar as they have tried to describe with professional accuracy the beauty and precision of machines, their attempts beside Kipling's are pitiful.

It is quite probable however that certain of Kipling's less-well-known verses may eventually establish a place for themselves ahead of a good many old favorites. Through all his later books his habit was to precede his stories with pertinent poems, and frequently furnish others as epilogues. These interlarded poems in his works of prose include some of large though unostentatious merit. In some there is a considerable subtlety of philosophic discourse.

Moreover, in any kind of exact description in poetry, despite his constant use of now-despised rhyme and metre and marching rhythm, Kipling captured the right phrase again and again. A few random examples: "where the hair-poised snow-slide shivers," "rippin' down through coral-trash ran out our moorin'-chain," "the thresh of the deep-sea rain," "bucking beam-sea roll," "the fall-rope whines through the sheave," "the scared whale flukes in flame," "the sob of the questing lead," "the dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his head above, but the red mare played with the snaffle-bars as a maiden plays with a glove," "their hoofs drum up the dawn," "He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked like a lance in rest," "the creak of snow-shoes on the crust," "the mule-train coughing in the dust," "the click of shod canoe-poles round the bend," "As children rifle a caddis-case or the raven's foolish hoard," "Old Aden, like a barrick-stove That no one's lit for years and years." A handful of rather obvious examples these. But how often is accurate and evocative phrase such as this found in modern poetry? The strange thing is that in Kipling the rhyme does not usually command the phrase, as it often does even in so great a poet as Keats. No, the phrase dictates the rhyme. The photographic eye, the ear for precise sound, the simile that exactly fits—these lead on the verse. You see and hear, and even smell and taste, what Kipling writes about—"the smell of the wattle by Lichtenburg, riding in in the rain." Long before people were talking of the "exact image," Kipling was stamping upon our minds pictures meticulous in detail of far countries, of the way the wide ocean looks and sounds in all weathers, of characteristic and distinguishing detail in all corners of the globe. That is certainly to have done a great deal in English verse. His creation of "atmosphere" in his narrative poetry was always powerful. Dismiss all his propaganda and tooting on the penny-trumpet, and you have left: not only a metrical versatility second only to Swinburne's, the introduction of a new and unmistakable style in verse and of material with which it had formerly been thought that verse could not cope, but all this wealth of phrase that sprang not from the desire to be "poetic" but from first-hand observation conscientiously reported. In spite of all the charges that may be brought against his didacticism, if we regard him as one whose main purpose was "for to be'old this world so wide," he was certainly credentialed, at his best, to aver, as he did aver in "The Last Rhyme of True Thomas":

I ha' harpit a shadow out o' the sun
To stand before your face and cry;
I ha' armed the earth beneath your heel
And over your head I ha' dusked the sky.

I ha' harpit you up to the throne o' God,
I ha' harpit your secret soul in three.
I ha' harpit you down to the hinges o' Hell;
And ye—would make—a—knight—o'—me!

W. R. B.

Ten Years Ago

Ten years ago *The Saturday Review* said editorially, that "an honest ham-sandwich is preferable to badly cooked pâté, and straightforward news of books is better than half-baked criticism. The reason why so much book reviewing is unsatisfactory to every one but the reviewer is to be found in this simple statement. . . . Reviewing, just because it deals with new books, must be news, and hence must be journalism."

Today

Some of the most important news of our disturbed and nervous 1936 is to be found in the books which give the real facts and the most authoritative opinions on what is happening here and abroad. The reviewer's assignment is more than ever a job for a super reporter.

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Letters to the Editor: *Professional or Amateur Reviewers; Thomas Wolfe's "Controlling Idea"*

Reviewing for Librarians

SIR:—Please continue to publish reviews by people familiar with the locality and history employed in the book being reviewed. I find such reviews far more informative and helpful than most of those ground out by professional reviewers who naturally exhaust variety in saying the same thing and soon must employ meaningless platitudes.

Of course one who must make most of the purchases from a $5,000.00 annual book fund becomes familiar with various reviewers' exaggerations and idiosyncrasies and discounts their remarks accordingly. But a writer's own work is a better criterion for estimation of the value of his judgment as a reviewer and I, for one, have appreciated your increasing tendency to employ authors, travellers, historians, etc., to evaluate new books.

MARTHA B. MERRELL, *Librarian.*
Superior Public Library
Superior, Wis.

Tom, Dick, and Mary

SIR:—I am very much convinced that Amateur Reviewers are not for the pages of the *S. R. L.* This magazine is almost my Bible of Literature. Living so far away from the heart of the book world it is necessary to be guided by some more fortunate than I. For several years I shopped around for an authority that satisfied me—not that I always agree—but I can't imagine my opinion amounting to much anyway.

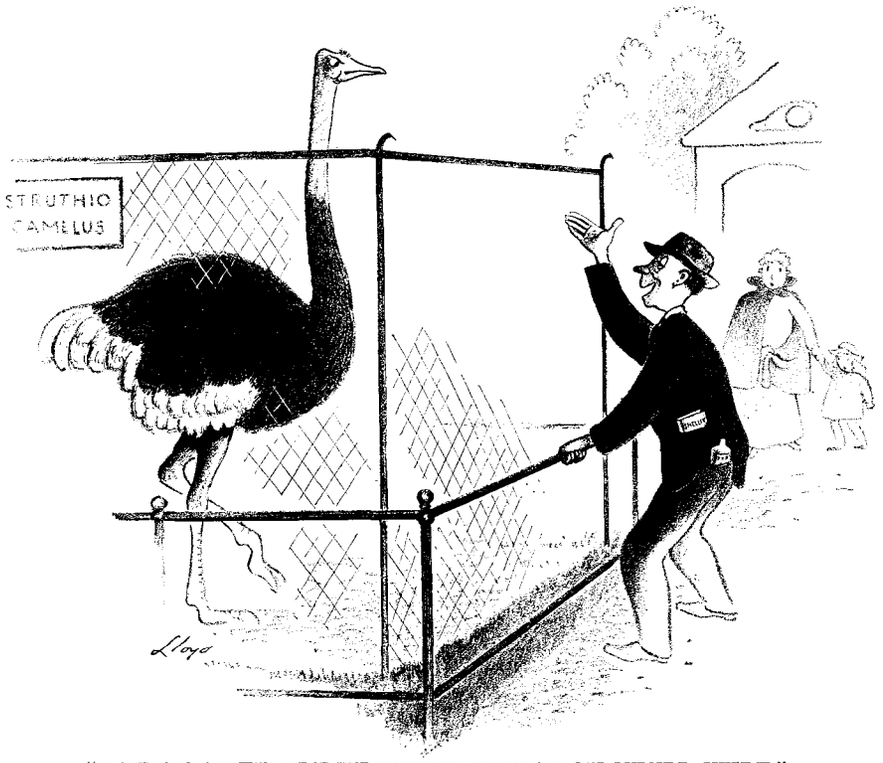
I read constantly and am a book reviewer of very limited ability. This week I have read T. S. Stribling's "Sound Wagon" after first reading four reviews of it, and Howard Mumford Jones's comes nearer being my opinion than any.

When Dr. Canby reviews André Maurois's book and such a noted architect as Frank Lloyd Wright gives his idea of a book on architecture, and William Rose Benét's review of "A Kipling Pageant" could sell me a book, then why should I subscribe to a magazine whose review policy is to let Tom, Dick, and Mary tell why they like such and such? No thanks. I can do that myself.

MRS. E. W. JUHRE.
Rogers, Ark.

"Frame of Reference"

SIR:—It seems to be open season for discussions of Thomas Wolfe. While his autobiographical articles have been appearing in *The Saturday Review,* Mr. John Chamberlain has used his columns of *The New York Times* to argue that, although Wolfe has the power of absorbing and describing sense impressions, he lacks "an intellectual idea to work on." Sinclair Lewis had "a satirical purpose," Knut Hamsun described "human tenacity" —and so on down the list—but "Wolfe is still looking for a controlling idea, a frame of reference." This criticism is both fundamental, and typical. In another form it says that Wolfe's novels are merely autobiographical. It needs to be answered.



"HAIL TO THEE, BLITHE SPIRIT, BIRD THOU NEVER WERT."

The "controlling idea" of Wolfe's novels may perhaps be described as the struggle of the human personality to develop its potential powers of creation, in spite of the forces that seek to frustrate it. Of course this idea is not new. In different terms Emerson described it as the need of self-reliance, and Whitman celebrated it in his "Song of Myself." Emerson's essays and Whitman's poetry are autobiographical, as Wolfe's novels are. But Emerson's "self" was closely related to his "Over-Soul," Whitman's "I" was "cosmic" or "communal," and Eugene Gant is the archetype of the creative human personality. He is an artist, because the artist seeks most immediately to realize the human power of creation.

The particular frame of reference that makes Wolfe's application of this idea original is outlined in chapter 38 of his last novel. In the past the traditional enemy of the creative personality has been the philistine. Sinclair Lewis described him as Babbitt, and Wolfe introduces him as Ed Horton. But Eugene Gant's real enemy is not Ed Horton, but Francis Starwick—not the philistine, but the defeatist. On page 783 of the novel this new idea is developed more clearly still. The last of Wolfe's series of novels is to be entitled "The Death of the Enemy." Presumably this will describe the final triumph of the creator over the defeatist.

At bottom Wolfe's idea of the creative personality and his Americanism are one and the same. All great American writers have believed in the potential power of the average man to create—that is, to shape his own destiny. Politically, this belief has expressed itself as democracy. It is the old "American Dream" of the "life more abundant" for everyone. In the past America's enemy has seemed her blindness to spiritual values—her materialism, philistinism, Babbittry. New America is accused of a tendency to defeatism, to Fascism, to Starwickism. Thomas Wolfe's novels describe this change—this new frame of reference—this new variety of an old Americanism. Because of their preoccupation with this idea, they seem deeply significant.

FREDERIC I. CARPENTER.
Belmont, Mass.

Dr. Felix Adler

SIR:—A Life and Letters of Dr. Felix Adler is being prepared by his wife and daughter. Anyone having any letters in his possession is requested to send them to the undersigned, who will greatly appreciate the use of them, and will have copies made and the originals returned without delay. My address is 3902 Spuyten Duyvil Parkway, Riverdale, New York.

ELEANOR H. ADLER.

Letters of Anne Douglas Sedgwick

SIR:—I am preparing for publication a collection of the letters of the late Anne Douglas Sedgwick (Mrs. Basil de Selincourt). I shall be greatly obliged if persons possessing letters from her will send them to me for consideration for this purpose. Copies of such letters as are desired for inclusion in the proposed book will be taken and the originals returned promptly to their owners. Letters should be addressed to: Far End, Kingham, Oxon, England.

BASIL DE SELINCOURT.

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The Beginnings of England

A HISTORY OF THE ANGLO-SAXONS. By R. H. Hodgkin. New York: Oxford University Press. 1935. 2 *vols.* $10.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THE history of Anglo-Saxon England needed to be rewritten for two excellent reasons. It is a fascinating history, more varied, more dramatic, more mysterious than the origins of any other great modern nation. It contains (as background) the story of a Roman province, it involves the narrative of one of the most complete breakdowns in civilization known to record, and a blank of two centuries, where what was happening in the familiar country of England can be only guessed at from the tiniest scraps of evidence. And it saw in these blank years barbarian hordes dramatically converted to Christianity and producing, in little more than a century, wealth, the most important literature of the Dark Ages, and the foundations of a great state.

Mr. Hodgkin stops with Alfred; although he intends to go further. His two cogent reasons for retelling the Anglo-Saxon story are: first, that the nineteenth century historians, Stubbs, Freeman, Green, had written of the period to celebrate the dawn of democracy and had warped the nature of Anglo-Saxon society to suit their thesis; second, the results of archeological research have made a restudy of the entire period inevitable if truth is to be told. Of these it is the latter which accounts for the two-volume spread of a work which will need two more to get beyond the Norman conquest.

We hear little of folk assemblies and the rights of the individual in Mr. Hodgkin's narrative, much of the monarchical principle and the aristocratic virtue of loyalty. The picture is of a society intensely individualistic in its leaders, but far more closely related to feudalism than to democracy. Conversion to Christianity and the resulting civilization was a conversion from the top down. But while this more realistic view of the Anglo-Saxon social structure naturally changes the emphasis of earlier histories, and justifies a method which is as much biographical as is possible in so obscure a period, it is the new archeological material that makes his work a new history.

The widespread archeological investigations of English history and pre-history of the past thirty years, are familiar to scholars but have not been summarized in a general survey. Briefly, they prove that toward the end of the fourth century a breakdown of Roman defences led to a wide sweep of barbarians across the land, which destroyed the rural system of villas and drove the Romanized Britons to the walled towns, where they lived on in a "hard times" which increased in severity, until when the last Roman armies were removed in the early fifth century, there remained only a sub-Roman civilization, still thinking of itself as provincial, but actually only an impoverished underworld growing rapidly barbarous. Outside the walls Briton had gone back to its Celtic culture. These researches support also the theory that the Angles and Saxons had become so mingled in their fortunes before the invasion that no important differences in language or culture remained by the time they had settled in England. This explains why the Saxons, Jutes, and Angles alike called their language English, and thought of themselves as English folk. Anglo-Saxon is therefore a term with history behind it.

Mr. Hodgkin is a conservative historian who frankly states that the archeological evidence is still incomplete and may reverse some of his conclusions. But in one respect the "finds," old and new, have made his books invaluable. They are crowded with illustrations, photographs, reproductions in color and in black and white, of weapons, jewels, urns, with easily readable maps, in short, a complete apparatus for seeing as well as reading about these obscure centuries.

In several respects this history is particularly satisfactory. It contains by all odds the best account of the European origins of the English available. It has the most acceptable explanation familiar to me of the sub-Roman-Celtic society of Briton in the early years of the Conquest. The relations between the Irish missionaries infiltrating among the barbarians in the north and the Augustine Romans organizing Christianity in the south, are excellently handled. One sees in Mr. Hodgkin's account the impact of the highly individualized, deeply religious Irish saints who ploughed up the barbarian heart, preparing for sainthood rather than for civilization. And this is in sharp contrast with the aristocratic order of the Roman church, which conquered at last because it provided a framework in which Christian ethics could live. One should add also that the difficult history of Mercia has never been so lucidly handled before.

There are criticisms to be made. Mr. Hodgkin is repetitive, and sometimes dull, as he is sometimes eloquent. His fear of controversy with the archeologists leads him to overelaborate his arguments and evidence so that sections of his book read like special treatises. If this fault is perhaps inevitable, one deficiency is less excusable, although it can be charged against every English historian of the period. Whether owing to a knowledge of Gaelic and of Welsh which is second-hand only, or to a lack of historical perspective, he fails to set against his developing English communities any clear picture of the British Kingdoms which endured and were strong for centuries after the first invasion. Although the two peoples were bitter enemies, the steady conquest and absorption of Western Briton made British social history inevitably a highly important factor in English growth and change. Enough is now known of the contemporary Irish culture, and enough should be available from Welsh records, to make the blank Western spaces in Mr. Hodgkin's maps of the advance of the English vivid and alive instead of mysterious, as with earlier historians. No final history of Anglo-Saxon England will be written until the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries of what was left of the Briton of the Britons become more important to the English chronicler. Students of Celtic backgrounds and of English backgrounds have failed to coöperate, have been content usually to minimize the enemy culture, and so have perpetuated the ancient split between the intellectuals of the British and the Roman churches which did so much to delay (and perhaps to make forever impossible) the complete unification of the once Celtic isles.

ESCARPMENT OF SALISBURY PLAIN—*showing the ramparts of Bratton Castle and the White Horse. (From "A History of the Anglo-Saxons.")*

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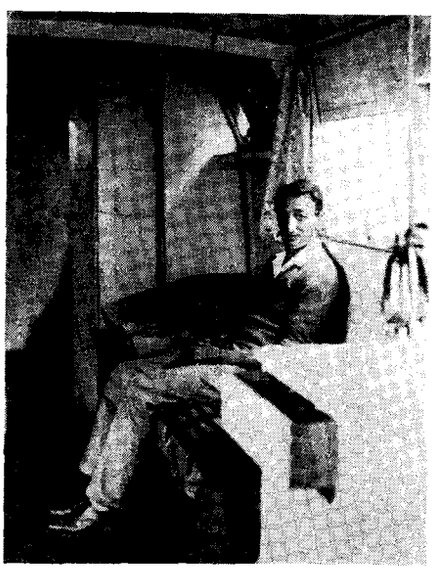
The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

A Sample of Bran

The Knothole, January.

IT'S an exquisite morning; in the exact sense of that bonny participle a cull of mornings; sought out, chosen, attained. As the French would think it, recherché. A morning, surely, for candor. The oil stove has been filled and burns a tulip-shaped blue flame; the fire lit in the chimney. Old seasoned splits of oak burn talkatively, crackle their last argument as they go up the flue, and scent the room with a faint peppery smell. Almost a whole oak tree has gone up the chimney since last August. It was a grand old tree, killed several years ago by lightning; its sawn stump is over 36 inches diameter. At a guess I suppose it had a life of 80 years in a region of strong competition. Fair enough, for tree or man. First laid out in the hearse-shaped woodpile (I myself disposed its limbs in decent catafalque) now I like to think of it going aloft the chimney in yellow apotheosis. Sifted into the clear in wefts of blue reek, somewhere an idea of it, whole and tremulous, hovers impalpable. Perhaps only in my own mind; Plato would know more about this than I. But I see perfectly that Tree of Fire, passed through the dark chimney of change (death is an ugly word) and now become imagination and weather.

When I came out to the Knothole this morning I found that some wandering bagman, supposing (as occasional foreigners do) my cabin to be a minuscule residence, had tucked a sample of his goods in the latch of the door. *Kellogg's Bran for Constipation,* it said. I took this as a reproach, deserved; not physical but mental. For I have long been costive in spirit; indolent, sloven and slug; as Stevenson once said in some letter "dumb, dowie, and damnable." This is partly the general distemper of the time, to which even journalists are sensitive; and partly an introverse bashfulness which too often inhibits the well-mannered from betraying their own private hilarities. Let's have no more of it. North America, laid out in vast platitudes for the express flourish of comedy, presents now so vast a spectacle of intellectual prostration that it must enchant the gods. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown, said someone. Politically we are well fed. I don't know which is funnier: the Republicans moaning because F. D. R. has access to the air; or the things said by F. D. R. when he gets it. For the love of Mike! Hearst with his own petard . . . and please don't bother to explain to me that it should be written *petar* and what it means. People are more likely to pronounce it right if the d is kept (as it still is in French). What is more entertaining than to see the grave economists and sociologers toiling at the pumps, attempting to suck up the ocean through the centerboard slot. We have spoken before of the ancient story of the city slicker, taken sailing for the first time. He looked down the centerboard trunk and exclaimed in horror that the boat was filling. So they set him to pump it out. The water in the centerboard of government is human nature and no fantastics of theory will syphon it out. No imaginable plan of economy will prevent people with a



A. P. HERBERT

sense of humor having more fun than those without it; or people of diligence earning more money. The old stenographers' abracadabra is universally true. The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog.

Which is not to say that one is out of sympathy with reasonable attempts to control and mortify the difficult animal man. Forget not yet, as Sir Thomas Wyatt sang, the tried intent:—

> Forget not yet the great assays,
> The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,
> The painful patience in delays,
> Forget not yet.

Notable experiments of all kinds through some thousands of years, are not forgotten. And as I think it probable (perhaps even desirable) that the present administration will be re-elected I warn them affectionately against radioing themselves out of office. A few more speeches like F. D. R.'s in Congress lately and I see apples uncarted on the pavement. The smart thing to do would be to let the Republicans have as much air as they crave. Nothing will show them up quicker.

Only one political document I have seen this winter seemed to me to have some sense of reality. It has already been praised by the astute *New Yorker.* It was the *Letter to the Electors of Oxford University,* written by Mr. A. P. Herbert whose witty and humane books are well known. Mr. Herbert, candidate for the House of Commons at the British election last November, addressed an appeal to his constituency which was straightforward, humorous, and based on the considerations that actually move men in the business of living. He was elected. I can think of no greater service anyone could do here than to reprint this bold and genial paper for the meditation of our own legislators. The problems it discusses are to some extent different from ours, but the spirit in which Mr. Herbert approaches them is one that all legislatures need.

Probably the basic problem of economics, which no politician is likely to mention, is the fact that there are too many people in the world. It may be—speaking in a perfectly heartless cosmic perspective—a sound instinct that causes so many to bump themselves off in all sorts of recklessness; because evidently a good many of us are economically *de trop.* I should regard the birth-rate curves in the various nations as a state paper of high importance; and I have a hunch that if one were to read old discredited Malthus one would find in him a lot of stark sense.

But I started to escape from grievous topics; from the cheap amusement of kidding statesmen and wiseacres, most of whom are probably more conscientious than I would be in their place. I know a young Velvet Brown who found she had been gypped by some racing tout for whose horse-gambling letter she imprudently subscribed. Sir, she wrote, "I am writing you a letter of askance." The phrase is genius, even a bookie might be riven by it. But it was not my intention here to write a Letter of Askance. I began only to reproach myself for having vented a lot of dull copy that gave no idea at all of what a good time I often have. Surely the artist (of any sort) is tolerable in a world of harried people only on condition he has a good time—and communicates it. To enjoy an excitement and not tell anyone about it is a serious offense. Too often I have sat down to write in a mood of duty or drudgery. Not that I felt that way in my heart, but somehow I found myself growing self-conscious about my small pleasures, or thinking them too simple, silly, or

(*Continued on page* 14)

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A Preview of the Random H

exclusively for readers of THE S

WE are publishing, this Spring, only six books (aside from the Random House Contemporary Drama series) but we believe they are as important as any we have ever issued in a single season and that they will be especially interesting to all readers of *The Saturday Review of Literature*. In the belief that some readers may wish to know about these important books in advance of publication, and may also wish to reserve copies of the first editions, we are herewith reprinting our entire "Trade Catalog" for the Spring.

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Edited by ANGUS BURRELL and BENNETT A. CERF
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A partial table of contents follows. The stories in every case are reprinted complete and unabridged.

The Legend of Sleepy Hollow *by Washington Irving*
Rip Van Winkle *by Washington Irving*
The Great Stone Face *by Nathaniel Hawthorne*
The Murders in the Rue Morgue *by Edgar Allan Poe*
Billy Budd, Foretopman *by Herman Melville*
The Man Without a Country *by Edward Everett Hale*
The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County *by Mark Twain*
The Outcasts of Poker Flat *by Francis Bret Harte*
The Boarded Window *by Ambrose Bierce*
The Real Thing *by Henry James*
The Boy Who Drew Cats *by Lafcadio Hearn*
The Pearls of Loreto *by Gertrude Atherton*
The Return of a Private *by Hamlin Garland*
A Municipal Report *by O. Henry*
The Bar Sinister *by Richard H. Davis*
A Deal in Wheat *by Frank Norris*
The Open Boat *by Stephen Crane*
Big Dan Reilly *by Harvey O'Higgins*
Paul's Case *by Willa Cather*
I'm a Fool *by Sherwood Anderson*
The Great Pancake Record *by Owen Johnson*
The Murder on Jefferson Street *by Dorothy Canfield*
Wild Oranges *by Joseph Hergesheimer*
The Afternoon of a Faun *by Edna Ferber*
Some Like Them Cold *by Ring Lardner*
Big Blonde *by Dorothy Parker*
The Arrow *by Christopher Morley*
A Cycle of Manhattan *by Thyra Samter Winslow*
The Little Girl from Town *by Ruth Suckow*
A Rose for Emily *by William Faulkner*
The Killers *by Ernest Hemingway*
A Portrait of Bascom Hawke *by Thomas Wolfe*
Night Club *by Katharine Brush*
Kneel to the Rising Sun *by Erskine Caldwell*
The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze *by William Saroyan*

—and others by *Edith Wharton, Booth Tarkington, Dreiser, Cabell, George Ade, Wilbur Daniel Steele, Thomas Beer, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Dos Passos,* and *many more.*

February 20. $3.00

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January 27. $1.50

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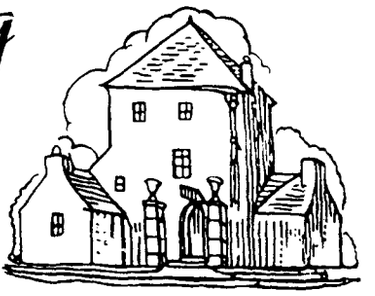
House Books for Spring

TURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE



A First Volume of Poems by

KENNETH PATCHEN

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With this book, an American poet takes his place in the company of the left-wing poets of the younger generation—Stephen Spender, W. H. Auden and C. Day Lewis. Kenneth Patchen, too, scorns the devices of his poetic elders and seeks by experimentation new and more dynamic verse forms. He is American by birth and background. He is the proletarian poet who derives his strength from the people with whom he has worked in steel mills, on farms and in road-construction gangs. His poetry has the masculinity and vigor of its sources. January 27. $2.00

C. DAY LEWIS

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The Bowling Green

(*Continued from page* 11)

selfish for print. I was wrong, and the package of Kellogg's bran can symbolize as aperient.

Vindica te tibi old Sir Kenelm scrawled as motto in his books. My only vindication can be truthful report of what I find thrilling; an endless curiosity, rising sometimes to almost lunatic intensity, in the small change of existence. This pellucid forenoon, while I waited impatiently for the room to grow warm enough for writing, I was almost in an ecstasy of detail. To come out here three or four mornings a week, split kindling, light fires, sweep floor, go to the hardware for kerosene, to the post office for mail, is my idea of (there is no better phrase) good clean fun. Perhaps while I am at the p. o. the faithful old 9.30 train comes in. Delightful to stand and watch it rumble away and I not aboard. The engine has a queer hunched-up look, roundshouldered with fidelity. I have commuted over twenty years on Long Island trains and know them well. When they are tardy we remind ourselves it is the railroad's Philadelphia blood. So many of the cars have little tablets on them stating that they are the property of some bank in Philly. The 9.30 a. m. is a train completely mysterious. It is too late for business men, too early for hussifs. Its passengers are, I think, those agile duplex people who run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, eat their cake and have it, and live between the millstones. Some of them, I suspect, are jurors and attorneys on their way to the county court at Mineola. That train is never uncomfortably crowded and even the conductor knows that it is a vehicle of no social prestige and is grateful to all who come aboard. He would be hurt if he saw me standing at the depot, deliberately not going. I would not for anything have him know that sometimes I play him truant and take the electric thing (a vehicle of no sensibility at all; a mere tram) from Manhasset.

Surrounded by such delights, whether in town or country, one should write for pleasure; not as a chore. I have no serious envy of those who go South for the winter, escaping the laborious charms of winter. I was remembering just now the languid gold of mornings in Hawaii, that Garden of Eden air, that dulce and tepid softness. Marvellous; but like Duke senior I look upon my winter landscape: "I would not change it." Here, as I sweep snow from the path is Muggins the Magnificent (a Scottish terrier) snouting in each shovelfull, until he wears a frosty chinbeard like a nerve specialist. To hear a child playing a harp in the next room is as good as living in a MS by Chaucer. I smile to myself as I write that, remembering a gentle young reviewer (who lives under a low ceiling of economists' catchwords) reproached me for not having "sociological contemporaneity." But Chaucer, bless his old heart, is probably less old fashioned than Karl Marx. And I am equally thrilled by the sunlight I shall see tomorrow morning where it glazes in silver fire on the edge of the Empire State Building. Caught just on the desired oblique it dazzles that rigid perpendicular with burning curves, clear out of plumb. A suggestion for dogmatists.

There's an extraordinary little paragraph at the very end of Franz Kafka's posthumous book *The Great Wall of China* (London, 1933):—

"You do not need to leave your room. Remain sitting at your table and listen. Do not even listen, simply wait. Do not even wait, be quite still and solitary. The world will freely offer itself to you to be unmasked, it has no choice, it will roll in ecstasy at your feet."

Kipling—the Great Colonial

(*Continued from page* 4)

built by hands, which was soon to know that its history was not made but only beginning.

I do not think that this Colonial, or should we call it Dominion, character of all Kipling's writings has ever been sufficiently emphasized. It accounts for so many things that pleased or puzzled us—and the critics. It accounts for the extraordinary variety of his subject-matter—since the English-speaking world and its dominions was his province. It accounts for the intense patriotism of his later poems and stories, best shown in his fervent adoration of the history of England regarded as a continuum between the world empire of the Romans of which his Sussex fields were part and the world empire of the Victorians and Edwardians. He came home, to the center and cause of it all, a Colonial more American than English in appearance, with that indefinable difference in manners which made him irritable in the presence of "the flanneled fools at the wicket"; and indeed they repaid him with the dislike which the inbred feels for the outbred. He was a "cad" (I have heard them say it), or at best a queer, vulgar, unreliable fellow, who wrote things that ought not be written. Kipling the man has never been popular in England. Obviously he was not popular in Downing Street or Buckingham Palace, or why deny the laureateship to the one poet most evidently made for it since Tennyson, and a far better laureate than Tennyson for a Disraelian empire! But he was, nonetheless, a homecomer, a convert to the life of an island that had bred, and suffered from, snobs before. Hence he wrote with the enthusiasm of a convert, with a passion for the land seldom, if ever, equalled since the Elizabethans, never equalled since except by the young English poets who went away to die on alien soils in the first slaughters of the war.

And this Dominionism of Kipling accounts also for his never-failing edginess toward America. It is not necessary to quote either his ill-natured jokes or his grudging praise. More American himself than any island-bred Englishman, far more conscious than most Englishmen of our essential part in and independence of the rest of the English-speaking world, he could not reconcile his ideas and ours, even when we read his books by millions, even when he married and lived here. It is the common story of course that it was his unhappy relations with his brother-in-law, Balestier, which drove him from Vermont and made him anti-American for life. The explanation is far too simple; and the true cause of his anti-Americanism is not hard to discover. In America he encountered the real twentieth century. Here was a country like his own, but the public-school codes did not run there. Here was a country that built bridges, dammed rivers, opened provinces, governed without a ruling class of strong silent men, without (often) the stoic character, without (usually) responsibility. Here was a nation built upon economics instead of a sense of empire, where the public-school class went to dances and sold bonds, where Tommy Atkins struck for more wages, and privilege was

(*Continued on page* 16)

They Were Not True

By SIEGFRIED SASSOON

THEY were not true, those dreams, those story books of youth;
I left them all at home, went out to find the truth;
Slammed the green garden gate on my young years, and started
Along the road to search for freedom, empty hearted.

But dreams have secret strength; they will not die so soon:
They haunt the quiet house through idle afternoon;
And under childhood skies their summer thoughts await
The rediscovering soul returning tired and late.

For, having grown world-wise through harshly unlearned illusion,
The traveller into time arrives at this conclusion,—
That life, encountered and unmasked in variant shapes,
Dissolves in dust and cloud, and thwartingly escapes.
But in remembered eyes of youth my dreams remain.
They were my firstling friends. I have returned again.

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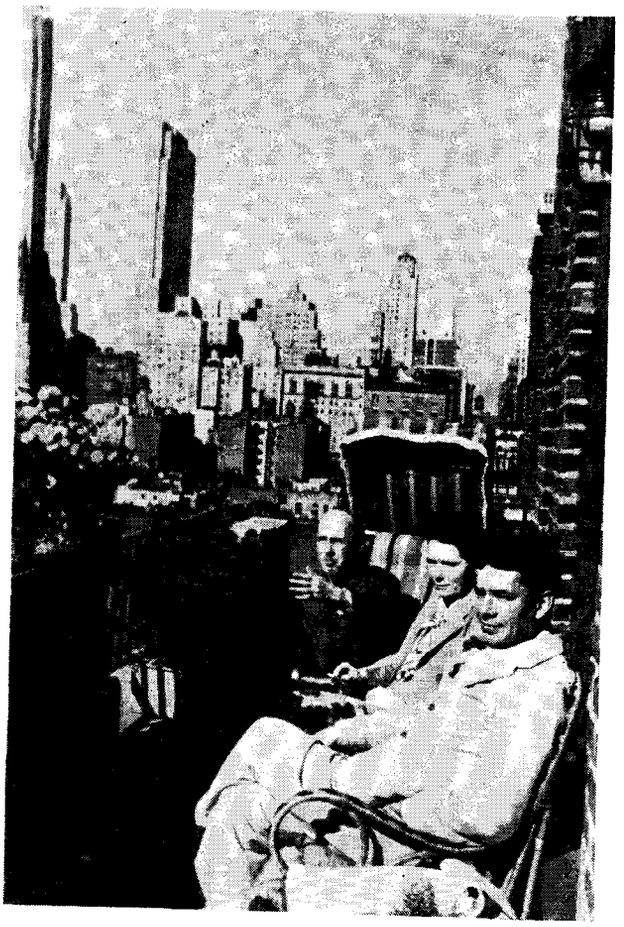
They Blow in Here—

And the Authors Go Round and Around. News Pictures by Robert Disraeli

G. B. Stern blew in from England: the author of "The Matriarch" and "Shining and Free" has a new novel "Monogram," for this spring. She pauses during her travels around America at the Gotham Hotel, New York.

Also from England comes Capt. Bruce ("The Better 'Ole") Bairnsfather. His best known brain bairn is still Old Bill.

From Greenwich Village comes George Sokolsky (right, above), author of "The Tinder Box of Asia" and a frequent contributor to the SRL; from France comes André Siegfried (right, below), international observer, who wrote "America Comes of Age" and "Europe's Crisis." Both arrive at the McMillin Academic Theatre, Columbia University, give lectures, and answer questions.



From Vermont by birth, from South Carolina by marriage, comes Frances Frost, whose first novel, "Innocent Summer," is published next week. Her husband, Samuel G. Stoney ("Black Genesis") sits at her left, and Mr. Canby shows them the sights from his penthouse.

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Kipling—the Great Colonial

(*Continued from page* 14)

called by its first name, which is Graft. America constantly upset him. It was what his British empire was becoming, but not by his rules. It was, as the war showed, the real twentieth century, come perhaps too late—the realist, democratic, humane, bourgeois twentieth century which pessimists may yet say had only a peep through the decades before the new era of force set in—not Kipling's "strength," but force imposed by peoples without either gentility or democracy. I hope the pessimist is wrong. And I hope, that when Kipling did praise the American he was right—

> He turns a keen untroubled face
> Home to the instant need of things.

For it should be said of the unpredictable quality of this true genius that for everything he characteristically was and did, he could on occasion produce the opposite—thus confounding his critics as a true man of letters should.

And in all this he was *fin-de-siècle*, and especially in his celebration of an empire which was a commonwealth built by men who had sometimes sought "another's profit," sometimes worked "another's gain," but more often had gone out to make their fortune without too much concern for anything but the code of strength with fairness. That is evident now. He was far more *fin-de-siècle* than the Oscar Wildes, the post-pre-Raphaelites, the Aubrey Beardsleys, the Max Beerbohms. They were (except the last) decadent in a precious fashion. They represented the sophistication, the worship of beauty for its own sake, which was the inevitable result of a century of increasing comfort. And they were smart, as the end of a period of intensive education of a class—any class—always tends to be. This smartness America shared, although the short stories which were its vehicle are mostly forgotten now. But Kipling's *fin-de-siècle* was far greater in scope and deeper in emotional values. He looked at this great age, which belonged to Britain as truly as the eighteenth century to France, at the moment when it had reached its balance. He felt, keenly felt as quotation upon quotation could be assembled to prove, its potential decline, yet could honor it, and, as an outsider, a Colonial, one of its products rather than England itself, exaggerate it, make it articulate, most of all make it self-conscious, as no native Englishman could or would do. And this explains the one note of decadence in Kipling:—an overemphasis of diction, which is more deeply an overemphasis of emotion, that already mars some of the stories we thought were his best, and is present, subtly or overtly, in all but his very finest work.

An overemphasis, an almost sentimental enthusiasm for "the glories of our blood and state," is presumably what has turned youth from him in our so different century. The young view with suspicion an enthusiasm—which must seem to them rhetoric—for lands, peoples, classes, that for them are not opportunities but problems. As the Russians would say, his ideology offends them.

But only for a little while yet. When we have passed out of this area of tension into new tensions so different that the nineteenth century will become truly historical, then the mannerisms of Kipling will seem merely quaint, while his overemphasis will sink out of sight his less happy fictions and the dross among his poems. What will be left is not pure gold—it is better than gold for it is harder and has taken a more durable finish. I should be sorry for any age that could not read "The King's Ankus" with excitement, could not rise to "The Last Chantey," or follow with eyes to turning page the subtle naiveties of that masterpiece of comparative literature, "Kim."

Mixed Pickles

THE LONG TUNNEL. By Sidney Fairway. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1936. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THIS is the fourth book written under a nom-de-plume by a London medical man. It is the story of how a murder at St. Botolph's Medical School branded a man who was really innocent, and how he worked out a plan to catch the real criminal. It is an annoying book for several reasons.

The first reason: This reviewer is one of those who believe that a murder mystery should (to compare it to a shoemaker!) stick to its last. The mixed nature of the above statement reflects, however, the nature of this book.

In the solution of the story two things seem peculiar to me. Turner, the real murderer, about to be trapped, goes dotty; and, owing to his hallucinations, is run over in the street. But the lecture he was about to give must be published; and Carford argues that it *should* be published with Turner given the credit for work actually done by the man he murdered; this in order to save the face of the medicial school. That is supposed to be an admirable attitude. I can't see it.

I have noticed that English writers of mystery stories are inclined to sidestep bringing a criminal to justice, if they can devise any forestalling accident. This does credit to their humanity, but doesn't convince. Also, in a mystery story, the proportion of love romance should be pared to a minimum. But Mr. Fairway gives us a great deal, leading to a concocted happy ending.

Mr. Fairway has a good deal of talent; and he knows his medical school stuff inside out; but he ought to decide what kind of story he is writing.

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Fair Trade Practice in Books

By LAURENCE A. JANNEY

The Court of Appeals of the State of New York on January 7 handed down a decision dismissing the suit of Doubleday, Doran & Co. to restrain R. H. Macy from cutting prices on certain books. This suit was brought under the Feld-Crawford Act, which was declared unconstitutional in the Court's decision. The editors of The Saturday Review *have invited Mr. Laurence A. Janney, a lawyer who has specialized in the field of unfair competition legislation for the past thirty years, and is currently active in unfair competition litigation, to comment upon the Court's decision.—The Editors.*

THE New York Fair Trade Practice Act was the basis of a suit by Doubleday, Doran, and affiliated retail stores, to restrain R. H. Macy and Company from cutting prices on certain books. The opinion of the Court of Appeals of New York indicates that the litigants themselves, apparently in unison, argued for a certain interpretation of the Act. The Court held that the Act *so interpreted* is unconstitutional. That is not necessarily fatal. Perhaps the litigants misconstrued the legislative intent and did not acquaint the Court with the full significance of the Act. Upon a different presentation, the Court might reconsider.

One plausible view is that the assumed interpretation emphasized the wrong note. Unfortunately, the Act has been miscalled a "Price-Fixing" Law" and it seems to have been characterized thus in the Doubleday, Doran suit. It was the concept of price-fixing by legislation which the Court stressed and refused to countenance. But the Act attempted no vindication of price-fixing in general. On the contrary, the clearly-expressed purpose was simply to outlaw price-cutting under carefully defined circumstances of unfairness. There is a wide difference between a program of legislative price-fixing and a declaration of public policy that upon a specified state of facts price-cutting is unfair and should be proscribed.

The Court condemned the supposed intent "to fix arbitrarily the price of books by legislation" . . . but made no reference to the purpose to protect merchants against price-cutting which destroys competition and promotes monopolistic dominance of markets. It may be that this aspect of the matter was not impressed upon the Court.

The Court said: "The plaintiffs do not claim that Macy is bound by any agreement but that it is *forced* [by the Act] *to conform* to the price which they [plaintiffs] stipulated as the retail price in a contract between themselves. . . ." Would it have been better to say, not that Macy "is forced to conform," but that Macy is required to elect either to refrain from the unfairness deprecated by the Legislature, or else to refrain from dealing in the particular books? The Act imposes no coercion upon Macy; nor any restraint until Macy has chosen to make itself subject to the Act by voluntarily buying under circumstances which, according to the Act, justify and require the restraint. The Court concedes that the publisher "could refuse to sell because Macy was cutting the price." Equally, Macy could refuse to buy. Or, Macy could buy and resell subject to the obligation to comply with the standard of fairness prescribed by the Act. Obviously, the Act does not "force" Macy to do anything except to play fair if they wish to deal at all in the publisher's books. The Court, however, accepted the argument that Macy is "forced to conform" and concluded that the Act provides "in reality a method whereby the Legislature fixed the price. . . ."

The Court said: ". . . for the purposes of this appeal, we confine ourselves to the question of the constitutionality of the statute *as construed by the parties* and the court below and treat this section [Section 2 of the Act] as allowing book price-fixing in the absence of contract made by the purchaser or his agents. We agree with Special Term [the lower court] that *if this be its meaning,* the law is unconstitutional" (our italics). This invites the question whether the Act has a different meaning which the Court might approve. An analysis of its provisions may suggest an answer.

At the outset, the Act provided that price-fixing contracts are lawful if they relate to trade-marked or named commodities which are "in fair and open competition with commodities of the same general class produced by others." Thus far, the Act was approved by the Court, who said: ". . . the publisher could have bound Macy by contract not to sell below a fixed price . . ." Hence, we are justified in assuming that price-fixing by the producer, under the specified conditions, is not objectionable in itself but is lawful and enforceable.

That is to say, publisher X may make contracts with dealers A, B, and C, who shall be bound to maintain stipulated prices. It must have been recognized that the publisher possesses a pecuniary interest in prices to be charged for his products, which he may lawfully safeguard at least by contract. Having himself fixed those prices, he may prevent price-cutting by all dealers whom he can persuade to agree. The question remains whether he, and his complying dealers, must tolerate price-cutting, however unfair and destructive, by dealers who will not agree. When publisher X has fixed his prices and dealers A, B, and C have contracted to maintain them, may dealer D (who has not contracted) cut prices at will even with the effects of destroying dealers A, B, and C, eliminating their

(*Continued on page* 21)

G. K. C. and the author of

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The New Books

Art

ART IN AMERICA: A COMPLETE SURVEY. Edited by Holger Cahill and Alfred H. Barr, Jr. Reynal and Hitchcock. 1935. $3.50.

This book is a reworking and an improvement of the two which were issued in 1934 in connection with an elaborate series of broadcasts on American art. As it now stands, nine authors have contributed to this survey of not only the three major visual arts but stage-design, photography, and the film as well. There has been no change in the sections dealing with art since the Civil War; but the earlier ones have been greatly enlarged in text and illustration and also modified on some points of fact and opinion. The result is a sound and stimulating brief story of the arts in this country.

The only lack of any consequence is some discussion and illustration of the early gravestones, which constitute the beginnings of sculpture here and which are often beautiful in lettering and design. Even so, this volume is the best reasonably priced introduction to the subject and deserves the widest popularity.

V. B.

Biography

THE LIFE OF SIDNEY LANIER. By Lincoln Lorenz. Coward-McCann. 1935. $2.75.

This is a peculiar biography. It is extremely sympathetic with Lanier the poet without being able to indicate the exact nature of his particular contribution to English verse; it is familiar with Lanier the man without succeeding in making him quite vivid to our eyes. Lanier, in this book, is someone who is always "written *about.*"

> Poetry was to him essentially song such as hymn, chant, pæan, ode,—the lyric with symphonic range and design as well as solo intimacy and naiveté, in which the acute ear divined the emotion by tone even more than by word. In its crescendo the poem had for his ear a resonance transforming the syllables of a phrase into a diapason of silvery voices which revealed song and verse as two species of a common genus, the art of sound.

That seems to us fuzzy writing, and rather inflated writing too. It is true that in his best poems, such as "The Marshes of Glynn," Lanier was a chanter. He did, indeed, some chanting that was not inferior to Whitman. Also, when something in his nature made you suspect the presence of too much softness, too much silkiness, he could surprise with a truly sinewy turn of phrase. Despite a good deal of undirected and stumbling work, he was, at his best, a strong masculine poet.

We are sorry that we cannot feel that Mr. Lorenz has possessed enough skill as a writer to do justice to his subject. That he has been painstaking there is ample evidence. The bibliography is meticulous. The choice of frontispiece seems, in the familiarity of the picture, rather unfortunate. A less-well-known presentment, such as that on the jacket, which is likely immediately to get lost, would have been better—and surely some illustrations for the book could have been found that would not have harmed its dignity. We should say that the impulse to write this life sprang out of genuine reverence and affection, but that a quite unpractised biographer had a good deal of trouble assembling and absorbing his material. There seems usually to be an attempt at "fine writing" which lacks the proper touch, and the achievement of a rather empty rhetoric.

That is to say the harshest. Otherwise, here is the life of a poet of the South who became perhaps her most major poetic figure. He ranks with the best of his day, and honor is his due.

W. R. B.

Fiction

THE IRON GARDEN. By Simon Blumenfeld. Doubleday, Doran. 1936. $2.

It is true, as the dust-jacket points out, that "The Iron Garden" is "not that non-descript loosely known as a proletarian novel." This is a matter for regret rather than congratulation, since it is evident that the book, in not being that, falls short of its real meaning and achieves little else. There are strong indications, in this story of a young Jew in London's mean streets, that it was conceived as a proletarian novel, with its mention of sweatshop wages in a tailor shop, of depression, struggle, class-consciousness. Mr. Blumenfeld has his protagonist, Alec, say toward the close: "With all these mighty developments shaking the world all round us, there are nitwits who are still busy ringing the changes on the old, worn-out themes. Still writing about a man falling in love—" But this is the very weakness of his own book. Too much, in fact a preponderant portion, of the story is devoted to Alec's discovery of sex and his varied love problems. We cannot agree that love and its variations is a worn-out theme, remembering what significant changes may be rung upon it in such a book, for instance, as Huxley's "Point Counter Point." But in Mr. Blumenfeld's novel it remains a worn-out theme and swamps the story, so that the social material,—the Whitechapel atmosphere, the strikes and the struggle, seems dragged in and irrelevant, whereas it should have been presented as the dominant theme. Mr. Blumenfeld writes vigorously and with occasional brilliance, and he could easily have fashioned a better book if he had not let it get so out of hand.

N. L. R.

HAVEN FOR THE GALLANT. By Thomas Rourke. Knopf. 1936. $2.

This author is by profession an American civil engineer who has worked in South and Central America and has, prior to the present book, written two novels and a volume of short stories. Though slightly influenced in style by Hemingway he has a forcible manner of his own and has gathered his own material. The background of the present book, the Shrewsbury River in New Jersey, was closely studied by him for a season when he turned fisherman there. He shows us two young married people, ousted by the depression from lives of social comfort and uselessness, trying to make a go of life there. Tony and Joanna are healthy, happy in their love for each other, and most likable. Distraction enters their Eden in the shape of an unhappily married couple, Jim and Stella Mae, and a former suitor of Joanna's, now grown successful and wealthy, Leonard Boggs. Then there are Titus Hollopeter who lives on the shanty-boat, and his primitive-minded wife, Sparta. Tony and Jo finally win through the mess stirred up around them by these various intruding folk; but not before they have furnished exciting episodes. As man and wife the former are two of the most satisfying lovers since the principals of Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms."

While this novel is both readable and

(*Continued on page* 20)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
SAINT OVERBOARD *Leslie Charteris* (Crime Club: $2.)	Rumor of under-sea gold being hi-jacked by desperate gang reaches "Saint" Simon Templar and leads him almost to his doom.	For debonair deviltry, hair-breadth escapes, and shuddery situation—not to dwell on lush love interest—it's a beaut.	First class thriller
DIE SHE MUST *Baroness Von Hutten* (Dutton: $2.)	Innocent, but wily, English miss extricates herself from murderous toils of Irish adventurer and French gal-friend.	Too kittenish at times but by and large an entertaining account of criminals foiled and virtue triumphant.	Agreeable
MONEY MUSK *Carolyn Wells* (Lippincott: $2.)	Exploding cigarette lighter kills man: rapier kills servant: Fleming Stone strolls leisurely to solution of both crimes.	Another gloriously casual Carolyn-Wellsian yarn with a baffling bit of mixed identities as a feature.	Standard brand

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The Clearing House

CONDUCTED BY AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

AN UNBALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

KIM. By Rudyard Kipling. *Doubleday, Doran.*

INCLUSIVE VERSE. By Rudyard Kipling. *The same.*

PLAIN TALES FROM THE HILLS. By Rudyard Kipling. *The same.*

"The Yellow Wallpaper"

APPARENTLY the most successful way to develop a voluminous correspondence is to admit ignorance. Up to date I have had no less than twenty-six letters confounding my confession of inability to find for *H. H. C.* the authorship of a story which she remembered as "The Yellow Room" and which appears to be in reality "The Yellow Wallpaper," by Charlotte Perkins Gilman Stetson. This tale was published in book form in 1901 by Small, Maynard, a Boston publishing house now defunct, is included in THE GREAT MODERN AMERICAN STORIES, edited by William Dean Howells and issued by Boni & Liveright, and was reprinted in *The Golden Book* for October, 1933. A tale that rouses so many to give it a local habitation and a name ought certainly to be well worth the reading. I'm inscribing it on the mental tablets whereon I carry the names of such literature as I hope to read if ever I'm convalescing from a long illness or taking a freight ship around the world. Until then, alas, I read what I must, not what I will.

A Reference Library

There has come to me from T. P. B., Jr., *secretary to the rector of the parish of one of the most famous churches of this city, a request for assistance in the compiling of a reference library for a Rest and Reading-Room, to be used almost exclusively by business men and women of the downtown district.*

Now, there's a request which deserves the most careful handling, and which to fill properly will exceed the space I have at my disposal today. I'll make a beginning on it, however, since a reference library should at any rate be a thing of slow growth, and go on with it again another day.

The Reading-Room is already equipped with dictionaries, but beyond that T. P. B., Jr., specifies nothing. An encyclopedia, of course, is after a dictionary the first indispensable of any reference library. I think on the whole if I had to choose between the two which stand foremost, the BRITANNICA and THE NEW INTERNATIONAL, I should select the latter as the better adapted for the purposes of the average American. A large amount of information of interest especially to the inhabitant of the United States—biographies of minor personalities, episodes in political history, places of insignificant size, etc.—not to be found in the English work are included in the American. If perchance either of these works is beyond the financial possibilities of the Reading-Room there is the new Columbia Encyclopedia, a work of "first-aid," as it calls itself, which should prove useful. If, on the other hand, money is not a consideration, the parish would do well to get for its readers, in addition to whatever encyclopedia it decides on, THE DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY (Scribners), a magnificent enterprise now approaching completion. WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA (Marquis) and WHO'S WHO (in England) issued by Macmillan, should of course stand on the reference shelf. And that volume which modestly conceals within paper covers (though it is, to be sure, to be had in boards) more varied necessary information than any similar sized work I know of—THE WORLD ALMANAC (*New York World-Telegram*). Incidentally the American Constitution, which T. P. B., Jr., says is one of the items he wants in his library, is contained in it, together with a wealth of information on every department of government. It's one of the books which personally I can't conceive of being without. Next to it should stand a work like Lippincott's PRONOUNCING GAZETTEER OF THE WORLD and an atlas such as that brought out by Hammond or Winston. Then come the reference works which anyone who reads at all finds so necessary,—Brewer's THE READER'S HANDBOOK and his DICTIONARY OF PHRASE AND FABLE (Lippincott), Brand's OBSERVATIONS ON POPULAR ANTIQUITIES (Altemus), Bulfinch's AGE OF FABLE (Modern Library Giant), Smith's DICTIONARY OF GREEK AND ROMAN ANTIQUITIES (American Book Co.) and his COMPREHENSIVE DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE (Appleton-Century), and Cruden's A COMPLETE CONCORDANCE TO THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS (Winston). The Bible and Shakespeare, of course, are a *sine qua non* of any library.

But now, I've reached a different classification of the reference shelf. A good place to break off until the instalment of the Clearing House which will appear week after next.

The Irish Race

A. W. D. of Rock Hall, Md., *wants the title of a book or books dealing authoritatively and definitively with the Irish race, not necessarily a comprehensive history, but a book which has to do with the Irish philosophy and the working of the Irish mind.*

He will, I think, find Padraic Colum's ROAD ROUND IRELAND (Macmillan) rewarding reading. Mr. Colum always writes with a delicate fancy, and when his poetic instinct is turned, as here, on a land and people he loves the result is full of charm as well as understanding. His book is not only a description of the country itself and its historic features but of social life and customs as well.

BORZOI BOOKS

For the happy few—

Maurice Baring

He has something in his manner, in the poise of his mind and the profound yet disenchanted sympathy for the helplessness of people, that is unique. It is this which lends so charming and memorable a quality to his new novel — the story of Joan Brendon, an aristocratic Englishwoman who during her "fortunate" life saw everyone and did everything, except what she wanted most to see and have.

Darby and Joan

$2.00 at better bookstores

ALFRED A. KNOPF

Who made the FIRST Derby?

James H. Knapp of South Norwalk, Connecticut, was the first person to manufacture the headpiece which has become famous in song and story. He sold a dozen and a half, brown and black, to a retail store on Broadway in 1850. An English clerk in the store suggested the name after the famous horse race.

MORE FIRST FACTS

An amazing compendium. Worthy successor to "Famous First Facts." 1800 items, 599 pages, 38 illustrations. $2.75 postpaid. The H. W. Wilson Co., 950 University Ave., New York.

Special

TO THE BOOK TRADE

The Saturday Review now has full coverage throughout the country. Booksellers interested in selling the SRL, may communicate with us, and we will have one of our authorized representatives* call to discuss the matter.

BOOKSTORE DEPARTMENT
The Saturday Review
25 *West 45th St., New York City*

*Joseph Consolino—*New England;* Franklin M. Watts—*Middle West;* Ellis K. Baker—*West;* Fred Russey—*South;* Louis Greenfield—*Greater New York.*

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The Compleat Collector

FINE PRINTING: CONDUCTED BY CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS

In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Rare Books and is conducted by John T. Winterich

The Heritage Press

A NEW series of books has been launched this past fall, under the above title. They sell for a uniform price of five dollars, and the titles include: The Abbé Prévost's "Manon Lescaut," Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter," Dickens's "David Copperfield," Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," Housman's "Shropshire Lad," and "The Song of Songs." The editions are not limited, all are illustrated, and great diversity of format has been aimed at. In this last particular there is evidence of strain: the tall, narrow format of the "Shropshire Lad" is the result of a distressing torturing of shape, emphasized by an overelaborated binding. "The Scarlet Letter" is done in what I assume is an attempt at early nineteenth century typography, but thick paper, poor margins, and a clumsy binding make an unhappy ensemble—not helped very much by the decorative illustrations. "The Song of Songs," set in fine type, and with clever decorations by Valenti Angelo, is offensive because of the wide yellow borders around each page. It too obviously suggests an oriental atmosphere!

Of the better half of the list, "Romeo and Juliet" has a good title-page, and excellent binding with a diaper pattern in raised gold lines on blue paper, and a series of drawings by Silvain Sauvage. These latter merit attention, though to my liking the monotone ones are better than those in color. But their skilful draughtsmanship and story-telling value are overshadowed by the too-vigorous typography. As books to be placed on one's shelf for reading, "Manon Lescaut" and "David Copperfield" are desirable items. They are both done in a decent, orthodox typography, with illustrations and decorations in scale.

Frankly, these books, as a series, are a disappointment. One feels that the attempt to be "different" has over-reached the mark, and that more respect for the traditional styles of good book-making would have saved the series from the fantastic exuberance which now mars it.

A Book On Bruce Rogers

BARNACLES FROM MANY BOTTOMS, SCRAPED AND GATHERED FOR B. R. New York: The Typophiles. 1935. (*Privately printed.*)

Ninety-nine persons who attended the dinner for Mr. Rogers given by the Typophiles, on October 30, received copies of this book (Mr. Rogers received two!). It is a collection bound up into one volume of twenty-nine inserts contributed by seven artists, fifteen writers, and twenty-six printers, and contains text and pictures of an intimate and biographical nature. As a tribute to Mr. Rogers, and as a collection of miscellaneous information about him and his varied activities the book will have much value—but it is marred by a not inconsiderable number of instances where fiction takes the place of fact. Owners of copies should use the margins to rectify errors—and then be grateful to possess the book for the much of worth there is in it.

A Mark Twain Item

MARK TWAIN: SLOVENLY PETER. *Illustrated by Fritz Kredel, after Hoffmann's originals, printed by The Marchbanks Press. New York: Limited Editions Club.*

"Slovenly Peter" was written in German in 1845 by a doctor to amuse the children who came into his office, and his accompanying pictures were delightfully harmonious. The book has been reprinted innumerable times, and has been translated into various languages. What makes this edition remarkable is that it is a hitherto unpublished English rendering written by Mark Twain in 1891 when he was in Berlin. The verses are not electrifying, but it is a Mark Twain "item," and worth perpetuating. The pictures are far the better portion. They are redrawings of Dr. Hoffmann's originals, done by that talented German craftsman, Fritz Kredel, and they have been reproduced in many colors by the stencil process. There is something delightful in such work as Kredel's, and in this case, although he has followed the originals rather closely, the result is a sympathetic re-rendering. There is a good title page, a Foreword by Clara Clemens, and an Introduction by Philip Hofer, and a gaily decorative binding. It is a grand book for children of all ages up to ninety.

Announcements

"A Survey of Persian Art from Prehistoric Times to the Present." By Arthur U. Pope. Five volumes, 200 color plates, 1200 monochrome. $150 and $250. To be published in 1936. Oxford.

"A Papermaking Pilgrimage." Dard Hunter. 370 copies at $36. To be published soon. Pynson Printers.

"Dance Macabre." Holbein's pictures of The Dance of Death. $3 and $1.00. Murdoch Howell & Barrows (a new publishing firm), New York.

"An Austin Dobson Letter Book." By Alban Dobson: introduction by E. V. Lucas. Designed by W. A. Kittredge. To be issued in December. Rowfant Club, Cleveland.

Holiday House — Theodore Johnson, Vernon Ives, Helen Gentry—is a publishing venture devoted exclusively to the finest books for children. Miss Gentry's previous books suggest that the new venture is likely to be worth watching.

Trovillian Private Press, Herrin, Illinois, sends out its catalogue number one of small, privately printed books, reminiscent of Mosher's issues. Mr. Trovillion is editor of the *Herrin News*.

The Press of the Woolly Whale has issued as a large folio of four pages Gaston Paris's slightly cryptic "Patriotism vs. Science," delivered to the Collège de France in 1870.

The New Books

(*Continued from page 18*)

likable it does not lift itself sufficiently above the number of minor realistic stories of this time to warrant more space from a reviewer. It remains in a minor category, though the honesty of Mr. Rourke's writing and his knack for first-hand observation make us hope he will do something more important one day soon. As it is he manages to show that other things besides money make for happiness.

W. R. B.

History

STEEL OF EMPIRE. By John Murray Gibbon. Bobbs-Merrill. 1935. $3.50.

If this latest contribution to the history of Canada and the Northwest Passage tells nothing new, it has the virtue of bringing the story up to date and presenting more factual data on a fascinating topic than has yet been marshalled between the covers of any one book. Exhaustive in its research, not a little overwhelming in its wealth of relevant and irrelevant information, "Steel of Empire" will be of much value to anyone interested in the complete story of the dream that began with Columbus and found completion with the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Mr. Gibbon goes back some time before Columbus. Starting with the discovery of America by Hui Sien, a Chinese Missionary, who is suspected of reaching the Pacific Shores of the continent in A.D. 499, he traces the story of the short route to Cathay from the time of Marco Polo down to the knighthood of Sir Edward Beatty, the current president of the C.P.R. Two-thirds of the book is devoted to the Canadian Pacific Railway, to its struggles and triumphs, its Empire building significance, and its unfaltering devotion to the highest principles of private ownership.

Although "Steel of Empire" is little other than a glorification of a mighty industrial organization, Mr. Gibbon has indulged in no strident song of praise and therein possibly lies the principal weakness of his book. Were it more impassioned it would probably be more interesting, but the author has obviously disciplined his enthusiasms in the interests of an unattainable neutrality. As a result the book is scholarly and exhausting rather than exciting and provocative. All the details are there but very seldom do they come to life.

M. D.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 95)

GILBERT—"MAGNET AND THE CHURN"

The penknives felt "shut up," no doubt,
The scissors declared themselves "cut out,"
The kettles they boiled with rage, 'tis said,
While every nail went off its head,
And hither and thither began to roam
Till a hammer came up—and drove them home.

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

ALTHOUGH, the N.R.A., which was the focus of attention at the last two annual meetings of the National Association of Book Publishers, is now behind them, the N.A.B.P. is still pro-New Deal, at least to the extent of holding its 1936 annual meeting (January 15) at the Hotel St. Regis. This year's meeting presented less momentous problems than those of 1934 and 1935. Quercus takes this as a sign that business is better.

☞The N.A.B.P. divides its annual gathering into a business meeting and a lunch. The business meeting consists of committee reports and discussions, which give an idea of what publishers are interested in these days, outside of their own books. The Editorial Committee (Alfred A. Knopf, chairman) and the Copyright Committee (Frederic G. Melcher, chairman) took a look at new developments in the mechanical recording of literary material: talking books for the blind, the ERPI (Bell subsidiary) recordings of poetry readings, etc. Problem: to establish fair precedents in granting of recording rights while these developments are new. ☞J. W. Lippincott of the Library Committee referred to the project now before the American Library Association, for national planning and federal aid to libraries. The A.L.A. convention at Denver last year postponed approval of federal aid, while approving of a proposed federal agency for libraries analogous to the Bureau of Education. The publishers, however, would like to sell books to the gov't. ☞The Joint Board of Publishers and Booksellers (Henry Hoyns of Harpers, chairman) reported that 34 American colleges have now established awards for students who collect the most interesting personal libraries. The Bowling Green, which has for some time agitated this matter, is pleased to have been mentioned.

☞New N.A.B.P. officers elected: Stanley Rinehart, president; Howard Lewis, Donald Brace, Eugene Reynal, and M. L. Schuster, vice-presidents; Harold Guinzburg, secretary; and Curtis W. McGraw, treasurer.

☞W. W. Norton, retiring as N.A.B.P. president after two years, spoke in regard to the centralization of American publishing. He pointed out that, while the number of books published in America fell from 10,187 in 1929 to 8,198 in 1934, "there is every indication that America is today on the move to produce a growing number of books, lusty and unpretentious in the quality of their writing, depicting all that is at once tragic and humorous in the life about us." To take advantage of this opportunity "I would like to see new [publishing] houses open in such good book centers as Cleveland, Chicago, San Francisco, and Los Angeles. . . . I am convinced that it would undoubtedly create a more lively interest in books in sections of the country that now have a sense of remoteness from the publishing center." No doubt many readers and writers outside the Eastern centers will be sympathetic to Mr. Norton's idea. But Q. wonders whether such a development is on the cards. There are already small regional publishers; but we can think of instances where promising authors on their lists have sent their second books to New York or Boston houses, and become best-selling authors. It's only human.

☞The luncheon introduced three speakers: Morris Ernst, counsel for Doubleday, Doran in their recent unsuccessful suit to restrain Macy's from price-cutting (see page 17), spoke of himself as "an old-fashioned conservative" who felt that the judiciary should not become the legislative body; and said that there was nothing sacred about judicial decisions. ☞Roger Baldwin of the Civil Liberties Union pointed out the dangers to freedom of the Press in two bills now before Congress, the Kramer "sedition" bill, and the "incitement to disaffection" bill. Edward A. Weeks of the Atlantic Monthly Press brought the proceedings to a close with an amusing fantasy of publishing in 2000 A.D.

☞There is a great deal that might be said about Rudyard Kipling; it need not be said in a hurry, for his work will be with us a long while. At the moment Q. feels only like remarking that one of the most interesting of Kipling's books is also one of the least known—*A Book of Words* (1928) which collected some of his public addresses (made during the years 1906 to 1927). ☞Speaking in 1908 to the doctors of the Middlesex Hospital, where he died last week, Kipling said: "I wish you in your future what all men desire—enough work to do, and strength enough to do the work." ☞ Snowbound in his hut old Q. thinks with admiration of Mr. Fred Russey who leaves this week for the South as ambassador and promotioneer of the SATURDAY REVIEW (in addition to his regular publishers' accounts). ☞Mr. Russey carries with him the beautiful Silver Salver (display-stand for the SRL) which many of the trade have admired and found so useful (at the modest price of 75c postpaid). ☞What pleasant names the Southern bookshops have, where Mr. Russey will presently be saying his courteous howdies. For instance the *Musketeer* Bookshop of Lynchburg, Va., the *Owl* of Orlando, Fla. (how did they do with V. Woolf's *Orlando*?), the *Little House* of Savannah, the *Bookshop of the Tamiami Trail* in Tampa; and also the *Don Quixote* in Tampa. ☞Also there's the *India Wood* in Jacksonville, the *Pelican* in St. Petersburg, the *Lovelace* in Wichita Falls, Texas. ☞Make him welcome, O booksellers of Dixie, for the sake of his chilblained clients up No'th.

Fair Trade Practice in Books

(*Continued from page* 17)

competition, and enabling D to achieve a monopolistic dominance of the market?

The Act intends that D may be restrained from destructive price-cutting just as A, B, and C may be. To that end the Legislature had recourse to the well-established law of "unfair competition." That branch of the law has been in process of evolution for generations. Under its authority, many varieties of unfair conduct have been restrained by the courts. The tests are the unfairness and resulting damage, regardless of contracts. It has always been true that a merchant may contract to refrain from unfair conduct; but, whether he has contracted or not, the courts, applying the law of unfair competition, may put a stop to his unfair practices at the suit of one damaged by them.

With these things evidently in mind, the Legislature provided that, under specified conditions, a "producer or owner" may make price-maintenance contracts with one or more dealers, thereby to establish a basis for the protection of his price structure. Then, the Legislature declared, to cut below the stipulated prices "wilfully and knowingly" is "unfair competition" whether or not the price cutter is a party to a contract. If A, B, or C cut prices (having agreed not to) he would be twice guilty, of breach of contract and of unfair competition. The

(*Continued on next page*)

close it with a sigh

for when you've met the Cromes—that delightfully fantastic family, of which there's so much talk—perhaps you'll agree that here, in 647 rich pages, is "a fine feast of ripe, leisurely enjoyment."

There Goes the "Queen"

BY G. U. ELLIS

$3

and published by Morrow

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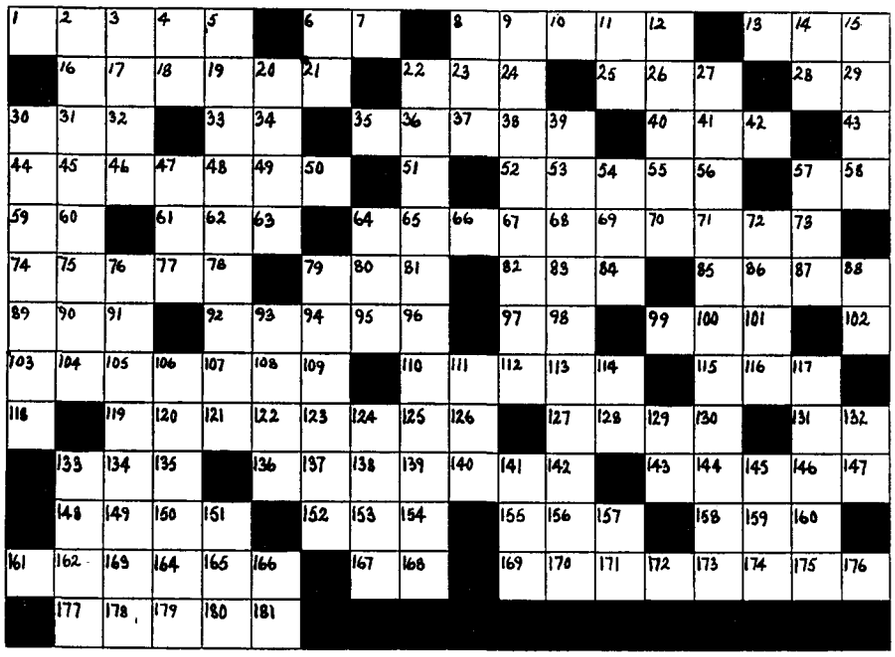
Double-Crostics: No. 96

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-seven words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 20 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. Aloofness.

II. To close.

III. English essayist and caricaturist (1872—).

IV. Chief sun god (Babylon).

V. Correct pronunciation.

VI. Terrifying dream.

VII. Commands.

VIII. Poem by William Watson.

IX. Sudden movement.

X. A Balto-Slavic language.

XI. Frank declaration.

XII. To make incoherent.

XIII. Large fish of brilliant colors.

XIV. Vain, useless.

XV. Follower of an ancient religion.

XVI. Transported with delight.

XVII. Repeatedly.

XVIII. Lincoln's Secretary of War.

XIX. Greek-Spanish painter (1547-1614).

XX. To cultivate ostentatiously.

XXI. Novelty.

XXII. Dissimilar.

XXIII. Greek letter.

XXIV. Laughs boisterously.

XXV. Long.

XXVI. Masculine.

XXVII. English dramatist (1635-1691).

WORDS

117	153	99	170	110	2	60	39	17	67
156	129	11	165	171	81	27			
40	135	160	50	74	33	26	180		
147	44	13	113	131	78	149			
59	4	61	83	18	101	164	154		
46	162	172	65	138	106	29	177	3	
114	105	178	54	143	1	92			
51	163	95	89	123					
169	41	72	102	152					
111	63	132	42	124	104	134			
103	48	37	64	86	136				
15	140	96	85	76	174	90	133		
167	35	115	159						
168	19	82	66	9	5				
28	118	14	69	62	45	30	52	98	
36	137	8	56						
120	22	93	16	73					
7	139	97	80	25	71	175			
84	75	176	157	49	53	23			
128	155	34	12	141	109				
108	142	146	55	130	38	121			
126	112	127	57	68	161	91	125	148	
58	100	145							
70	94	43	21	122	77	87			
179	107	10	119	31					
88	79	151	116	6	32	173			
181	158	144	166	24	150	20	47		

Fair Trade Practice in Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

injured publisher X could proceed against him on either ground. But D also, having cut prices "wilfully and knowingly," would have been guilty at least of unfair competition and therefore potentially liable to restraint.

The Act prescribes that the "unfair competition" shall be "actionable at the suit of any person damaged thereby." "Actionable" means that a supposedly injured party may sue and the courts may try his suit and give or refuse relief. The party suing must have been "damaged"; he cannot maintain his suit except by proving pecuniary damage already suffered or immediately impending by reason of the price-cutting.

The Act, therefore, means this: When dealer D has deliberately chosen to buy and sell the commodities involved—in the face of his knowledge of contracts between the producer and A, B, and C—D thereby incurs the obligation that he must not "wilfully and knowingly" cause pecuniary damage to another by cutting prices below levels lawfully stipulated. And he cannot be exempted simply because he has not contracted to conform to that obligation.

It seems rational to assume that the Legislature must have reasoned thus: Price-cutting in itself is no more evil when practised in breach of contract than when practised "willfully and knowingly" to the damage of others, without breaching a contract. The disastrous results are not different in the two cases. To get the benefits of the Act, a producer must make at least one contract with a dealer. The fundamental need of the producer to fix prices, however, is the same whether or not he can make contracts will *all* his dealers. The need of the dealers to be secured against cut-throat rivalry is not dependent upon contracts. The economic and social purposes to be served are the same, contract or no contract. As a matter of public policy, the unfair practices should be preventable, contract or no contract. Hence, the Legislature declared that price-cutting, under specified conditions, is to be deemed a newly-identified species of inequitable conduct which shall be added to the category of "unfair competition" and shall be dealt with by the courts according to the established principles of that branch of the law.

In outlawing this kind of unfair competition, the New York Legislature has done the same thing, in legal principle, which the national Congress did by the Federal Trade Commission Act, as sustained in numerous decisions by the United States Supreme Court. Regardless of differences in procedural policy, both the federal and New York statutes condemn unfair practices and provide that ultimately the courts must deal with them. It would make no difference under either statute whether a guilty party had or had not bound himself by contract to trade fairly. As in the federal statute, the New York Act charges merchants with the traditional duty to refrain from unfair competition to the damage of others, a duty which does not depend at all upon contracts. It is difficult to see how either

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statute could be considered a law which has "undertaken to supplant contracts," or why the parties in the Doubleday, Doran case should have persuaded the Court that the Act would "fix arbitrarily the price of books by legislation." The Act does not attempt to fix prices any more than the federal statute attempted to fix definite criteria with which alleged unfairness must be contrasted. Under either statute the courts are not bound to assume the legitimacy of the criteria which complaining parties may seek to establish.

If the Act means what we suppose, then the parties in the Doubleday, Doran case seem to have been mistaken in inducing the Court to construe it as intending compulsion based first upon legislative price-fixing and then upon arbitrary enforcement against innocent price-cutters who are assumed to be unoffending only because they have not contracted to be otherwise. As we understand it, the Act should be accepted as purely remedial; as imposing no coercion; as announcing salutary public policy against practices which, under conditions conservatively defined, are known and declared to be reprehensible "unfair competition."

It would be feasible to bring one or more new suits to retest the validity of the Act upon the arguments outlined above and others that are beyond the scope of this paper. If this were done, it would not be unreasonable to hope that the Act might be sustained.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

SILVERMINE TAVERN AND GALLERIES. An old-time hostelry, and unspoiled countryside—In the metropolitan area. Illustrated booklet on request. Norwalk, Telephone 2300, Connecticut.

YOUNG WOMAN with some nursery school training would care for children by the hour, or could assist on playgrounds. New York City. Box 981-A.

BOOKPLATES of booklovers desired in exchange. Box 993-A.

BROKE? BORED? BLUE? Wanted young lady (poet, writer and/or stimulating personality preferred) to be my guest in Texas. Several weeks. Atmosphere aplenty. Applications with photograph immediately. Lady Texan.

CHESS-UCATE YOUR CHILD in the sport of Kings and Queens. Chess, taught individually. Working my way to College! SIDNEY DORFMAN, Box 418, Avenel, N. J.

WOMANLY WISH . . . my ardent desire is to find some possibility of devoting myself to one seeking for Quaint Anne.

YOUNG GERMAN—blond, 28, no smoker or drinker—will manage an estate or household. Refined, cultured, understanding. References as office worker, A1 butler, etc. Want to better myself. Los Angeles. Box 19-B.

SHIVERING MY TIMBERS in icy north winds. Praying that ONE WHO LOVES SUNSHINE will return soon! Your present perplexity confirms importance of sharing one's fun and one's gloom!

PERSONALS

MANHATTANITE, realist-romanticist, late thirties, seeks conversation, correspondence with individualistic females. LUCIFER.

GIRL, JEWISH, Young, tall, refined, seeks in this friendless town cheerful acquaintances of like faith to help chase the lonesomeness away. Box 6-B.

18-YEAR-OLD, N. Y. YOUNG MAN; deeply concerned—poetry, literature (classic, contemporary), culture—desires start, bookstore, publisher's, library. Energetic, personable; excellent typist. Box 7-B.

WANTED: Part time work near Boston by student writer. College graduate. Box 8-B.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, middle-aged, interested in antiques and art, wishes to meet those of similar tastes, especially in Greenwich Village. Box 9-B.

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